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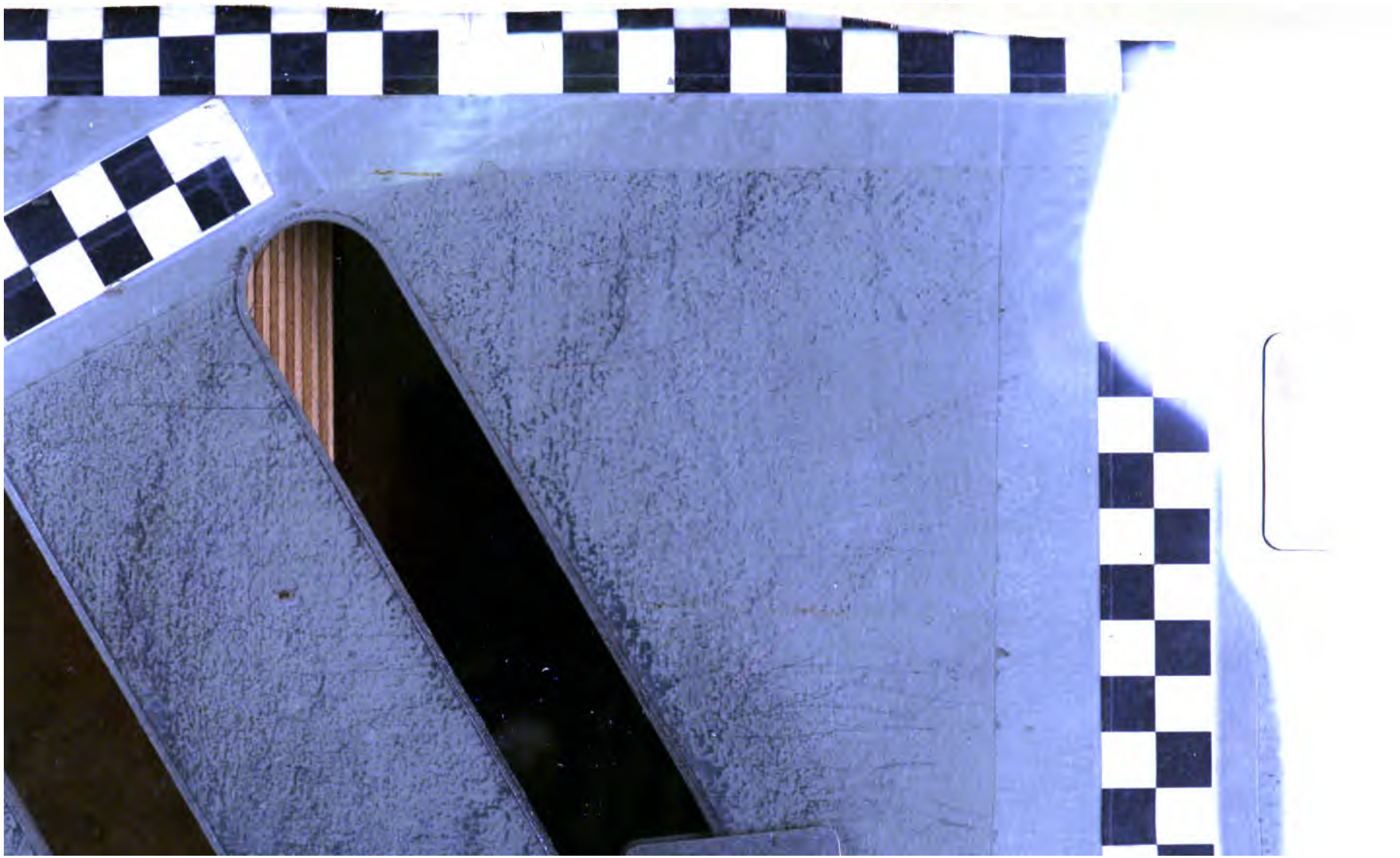
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ITALIAN
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L'ELISIRE D'AMORE

(THE ELIXIR OF LOVE)

BY
DONIZETTI

Boston : OLIVER DITSON COMPANY : New York

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Chicago

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DONIZETTI'S

OPERA

L'ELISIRE D'AMORE

CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

AND

THE MUSIC OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

.30

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
BOSTON — NEW YORK
CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY, INC. LONDON: WINTHROP ROGERS, LTD.
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ADINA, A Wealthy and Independent Farm-Keeper . .	Soprano
NEMORINO, A Young Peasant, in Love with Adina . .	Tenor
BELCORE, Sergeant of the Village-Garrison . . .	Bass
DOCTOR DULCAMARA, A Perambulating Physician . .	Bass
GIANETTA, A Peasant Girl	Soprano

THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN AN ITALIAN COUNTRY VILLAGE

THE STORY OF L'ELISIRE D'AMORE

ADINA, a lively, handsome young woman in easy circumstances, owner of estates in the village where the scene is laid, is intensely beloved by Nemorino, a young peasant of comely appearance, but small means, whose demonstrations of affection are received by the former with apparent indifference, if not aversion; at the same time she is conscious of an inward feeling of regard for him which she is unable totally to subdue.

Nemorino acutely feels and laments the want of those intellectual and pecuniary qualifications, the possession of which would probably enable him to overcome her objections, and awaken in her a reciprocal passion. His unpleasant state of mind is not improved by the arrival of Sergeant Belcore, a dashing, fine military beau, who makes bold advances to Adina, presents her with a bouquet, and pays her many compliments, which, at first, she receives with cool indifference, but presently becomes more gracious and invites him to take refreshments.

Nemorino is driven to distraction by the apparent good luck of the gallant sergeant, and beseeches an audience of Adina, who, anticipating the usual torment of "sighs," advises him to hasten to town to see his sick uncle, but he declares it impossible for him to tear himself away from her; she tells him plainly that, although she highly respects him, she cannot love him.

Shortly after, there arrives in the village, with great pomp and ceremony, a certain celebrated Dr. Dulcamara, whose specifics are said to produce the most incredible results. Nemorino eagerly inquires if he has the famed amorous draught of the Queen Isotta (which is said to have the miraculous power of enabling the person who takes it to command the love of any one he may choose), and is answered in the affirmative, with an assurance by the doctor that it will produce exactly the effect which Nemorino desires; he accordingly procures a bottle of the wonderful elixir, and as soon as he is alone, swallows the whole contents, little thinking that it is nothing more nor less than Bordeaux wine. Shortly afterwards, when joined by Adina, Nemorino, being somewhat elated by the wine, and still more so by his confidence in the magic power of the elixir, puts on a cavalier deportment, while Adina, piqued at his nonchalance, becomes, in turn, the *anxious* lover.

Adina, in order to revenge the off-hand treatment of Nemorino, encourages the attentions of her military suitor, and accepts his proposal of marriage.

The gallant sergeant now unexpectedly receives orders to march on the following morning, whereupon he presses Adina to marry without further delay; this greatly alarms Nemorino, as the elixir was not to take effect till the following day; he entreats her to wait at least another day, but is ridiculed by Adina and Belcore, and stigmatized as a "silly peasant, half mad with passion." She gives orders for the notary to be sent for, upon which Nemorino frantically calls upon the doctor to come to his aid. Adina gives her hand to the sergeant, who, after inviting the peasantry to a ball on the occasion, leads her away, at which Nemorino runs off in a fit of desperation.

The ball is duly celebrated at the farm house of Adina, and is graced by the presence of the great Dr. Dulcamara, who further signalizes himself by singing a new duet with the fair bride, on the occasion.

Nemorino again seeks and implores the help of the doctor, who recommends him another bottle of the elixir, but he has no money wherewith to purchase it. He casts himself on a seat, in despair, when Belcore, drawing near, inquires the cause of his distress, and learning that it is the want of money, offers to furnish him with twenty crowns if he will enlist into his corps. Nemorino agrees, signs his name, and receives the money. At this time intelligence is received in the village (but does not reach him) of the death of his uncle, whereby he is become suddenly rich. This mightily magnifies his importance in the eyes of the villagers, who, forthwith, show him the greatest respect and attention, all which he attributes to the working of the elixir.

Adina is now informed by the doctor of Nemorino's application to him for a specific to move the heart of some obdurate fair one; she is at once struck with admiration at his devoted attachment, and remorse at her own unfeeling indifference towards him, and instantly goes in search of Nemorino, confesses her sentiments to him, and apprises him that she has paid his ransom, and freed him from his obligations to the sergeant.

The good fortune of Nemorino is now the general theme of observation and congratulations, and is ascribed by the doctor entirely to the magic influence of the love elixir.

The dashing sergeant has to march away as wifeless as he came.

L'ELISIRE D'AMORE.

(THE ELIXIR OF LOVE.)
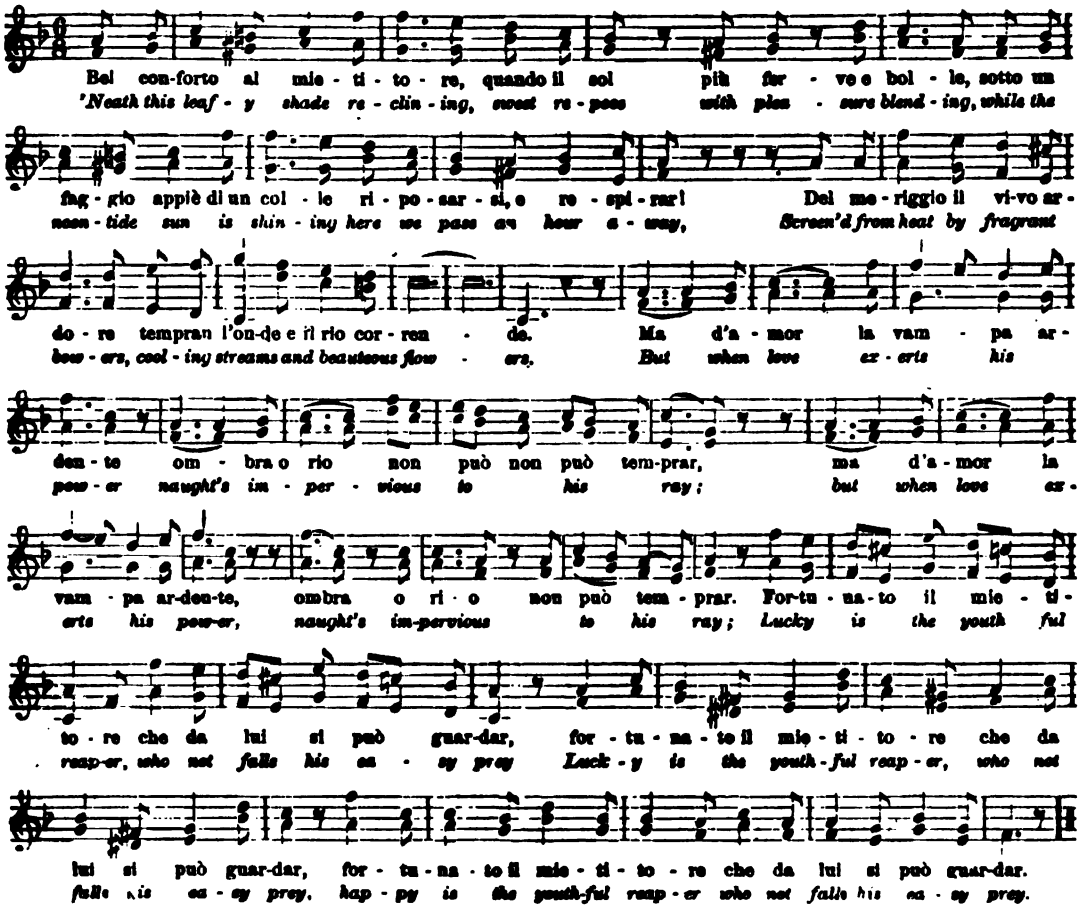
ATTO I.

SCENA I.—*Ingresso d'una Fattoria.—Campagna in fondo con sopra un ruscello, sulla cui riva alcune lavandaje preparano il bucato.—In mezzo un gran' albero.*—GIANNETTA, *i Mietitori e Mietitrici.*—ADINA *siede in disparte, leggendo.*—NEMORINO *l'osserva da lontano.*

ACT I.
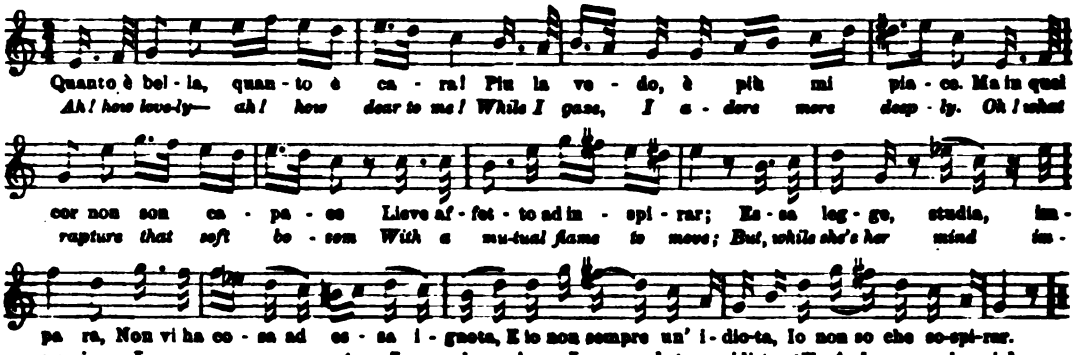
SCENE I.—*Homestead of a farm—an open Country at the back—River in landscape—a large tree, under which are seated* GIANETTA *and Reapers*—ADINA *seated on one side, reading*—NEMORINO *standing pensively observing her at the wing.—Curtain rises to Symphony of Introduction and Chorus.*

BEL CONFORTO AL MIETITORE—'NEATH THIS LEAFY SHADE. CHORUS.



THE ELIXIR OF LOVE.

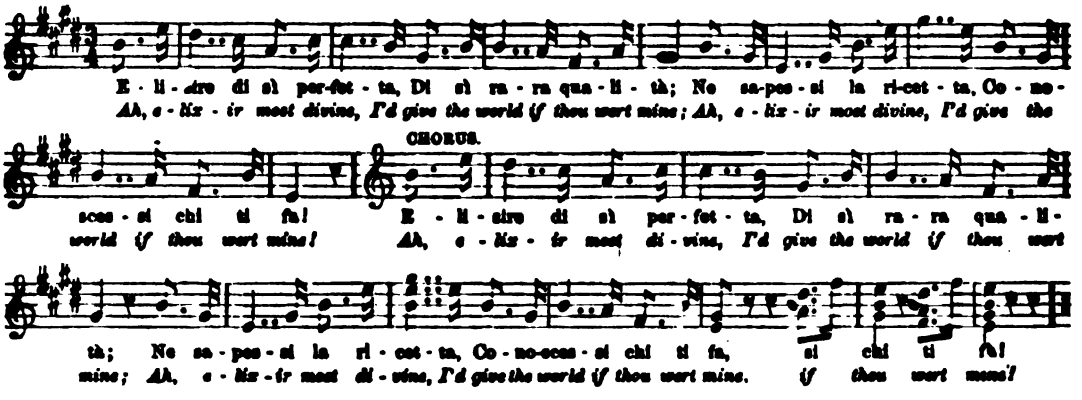
QUANTO È BELLA—AH! HOW LOVELY. Air. Nemorino.



Chi la mente mi rischiara?
Chi m'insegna a farmi amar?
Adi. Benedetto questo carto!
E bizzarra l'avventura. [*Ridendo.*
Gia. } Di che ridi? fanne a parte
Cor. } Di tua lepida lettura.
Adi. E la storia di Tristano,
E una cronaca d'amor.
Gia. }
Cor. } Leggi leggi.
Nem. (A lei pian piano.
Vo' accostarmi, entrar fra lor.)
Adi. [*Legge.*] 'Della crudel Isotta
Il bel Tristano ardea,
Nè fil di speme avea
Di possederla un dì.
Quando si trasse al piede
Di saggio incantatore,
Che in un vasel gli diede
Certo elisir d'amore,
Per cui la bella Isotta
Da lui più non fuggì.'

Ah, who will bid my mind expand,
Or make me worthy to be lov'd.
Adi. Ah, ah, ah! 'Tis a most amusing story!
What a singular adventure! [*Laughing.*
Gia. } You are laughing! tell me wherefore? let us share
Cor. } the mirth that moves thee.
Adi. 'Tis the story of Tristano. 'Tis a legend, too, of love.
Gia. }
Cor. } Read it! read it;
Nem. (I will listen to what she says, but so that she cannot perceive me.)
Adi. [*Reads.*] 'Beauteous but cruel Isotta
With love inspired Tristano;
But, though the knight ador'd her.
No prayers this fair one could move.
So at the feet low bent he
Of a most sage enchanter,
Who in a vial gave him
A certain love elixir,
Through which the beauteous Isotta
In turn felt all the pangs of love.'

ELISIRE DI SI PERFETTA—AH! ELIXIR MOST DIVINE. Air. Adina.



Adi. [*Legge.*] 'Appena si bebbe un sorso
Dal magico vasello,
Che tosto il cor ribelle
D' Isotta intenerì.
Cambiata in un istante

Adi. [*Reading.*] 'No sooner did Tristano taste
Of that enchanted draught,
Than her rebel heart relented.
Chang'd at once the cruel fair,

Quella bella crudele,
Fu di Tristano amante,
Visse a Tristan fedele;
E qual primiero sorso
Per sempre ei benedì.'

Tutti. Elisir di sì perfetto, etc.

SCENA II.—*Suona il tamburo, tutti si alzano. Giunge* BELCORE, *guidando un drappello di Soldati, che rimangono schierati nel fondo. Si appressa ad* ADINA, *la saluta e le presenta un mazzetto.*

Bel. Come Paride vezzoso
Porse il pomo alla più bella,
Mia diletta villanella,
Io ti porgo questi fior.
Ma di lui più glorioso,
Più di lui felice io sono,
Poichè in premio del mio dono
Ne riporto il tuo bel cor.

Adi. [*Alle Donne.*] E modesto il signorino.

Gia. } Sì, davvero.
Core. }

Nem. (Oh! mio dispetto!)

Bel. Veggo chiaro in quel visino
Ch'io fo breccia nel tuo petto.
Non è cosa sorprendente;
Son galante, son sergente;
Non v'ha bella che resista
Alla vista d'un cimiero;
Cede a Marte, iddio guerriero,
Fin la madre dell' Amor.

Adi. E modesto!

Core. Sì, davvero.

Nem. (Essa ride—oh! mio dolor!)

Bel. Or se m'ami, com'io t'amo,
Che più tardi a render l'armi?
Idol mio, capitoliamo:
In qual dì vuoi tu sposarmi?

Adi. Signorino, io non ho fretta:
Un tantin pensar ci vò.

Nem. (Me infelice! s'ella accetta,
Disperato io morirò.)

Enamour'd she became of him;
In faith her troth she plighted straight,
And ever did he bless the hour
The magic draught he tasted.'

Cho. Ah, elixir most divine, &c.

SCENE II.—*Drums are heard, and all rise.*—BELCORE *enters, followed by Soldiers, who range themselves at the back of the stage.—Belcore advances to Adina, and presents her with a bouquet.*

Bel. As the gay and gallant Paris
Gave the apple to the most lovely,
So to thee, most fair Adina,
I present these flowers rare.
Yet while happy, e'en as he, love,
Fate more glory doth grant me, love,
If, in pledge for this, my token,
I away thy heart do bear.

Adi. [*To the Girls.*] A mighty modest signor!

Gia. } Yes, truly so.
Cho. }

Nem. (Oh, my despair!)

Bel. I read in your bright eyes,
That I have conquered your heart.
This is not at all surprising—
I am gallant, am a sergeant.
There is no girl who can withstand
The aspect of a soldier;
Was not the mother of love
Conquered by Mars, the god of battle?

Adi. The modest man!

Cho. Indeed is he!
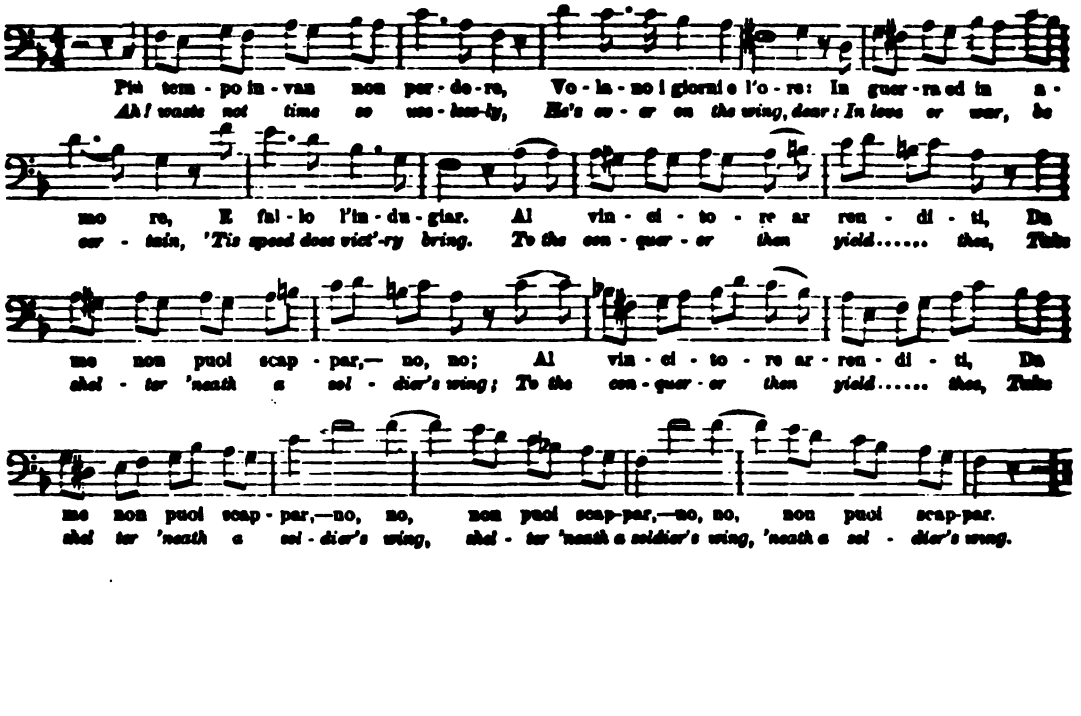
Nem. (She laughs at me! Oh, torture!)

Bel. If thou lovest me as I love thee,
Why not ground our arms instanter:
Let capitulation free thee,
Make thy conqueror thy slave.

Adi. Noble sergeant, a few days' leisure,
To reflect, I humbly crave.

Nem. (Ah, most unhappy! should she accept him,
Naught is left me but the grave.)

PIU TEMPO HO DIO—AH! WASTE NOT TIME. AIR. BELCORE.



Adi. Vedete di quest' uomini,
Vedete un po' la boria!
Già cantano vittoria
Innanzi di pugnar.
Non è, non è sì facile
Adina a conquistar.

Nem. Un po' del suo corraggio
Amor mi desse almeno!
Direi siccome io peno,
Pietà potrei trovar.
Ma sono troppo timido,
Ma non posso io parlar.

Gia. } (Davver, saria da ridere
Coro. } Se Adina ci cascasse,
Se tutti vendicasse
Codesto militar!
Sì, sì; ma è volpe vecchia;
E a lei non si può far.)

Bel. Intanto, o mia ragazza,
Occuperò la piazza.—Alcuni istanti
Concedi a' miei guerrieri
Al coperto posar.

Adi. Ben volontieri.
Mi chiamo fortunata
Di potervi offerir una bottiglia.

Bel. Obbligato. (Io son già della famiglia.)

Adi. Voi ripigliar potete
Gl' interrotti lavori. Il Sol declina.

Tutti. Andiamo.

[*Partono Belcore, Gianetta, e il Coro.*

SCENA III.—Nemorino e Adina.

Nem. Una parola, o Adina.

Adi. L'usata seccatura!
I soliti sospir! Faresti meglio
A recarti in città presso tuo zio,
Che si dice malato, e gravemente.

Nem. Il suo mal non è niente—appresso al mio.
Partirmi non posso io—
Mille volte il tentai—

Adi. Ma s'egli more,
E lascia credo un altro?—

Nem. E che m'importa?

Adi. Morrai di fame, e senza appoggio alcuno.

Nem. O di fame o d'amor—per me è tutt' uno.

Adi. Odimi. Tu sei buono,
Modesto sei, nè al par di quel sergente
Ti credi certo d'ispirarmi affetto;
Così ti parlo schietto,
E ti dico che invano amor tu speri,
Che capricciosa io sono, e non v'ha brama,
Che in me tosto non muoia appena è desta.

Nem. Oh! Adina!—e perchè mai?

Adi. Bella richiesta!

Adi. These men, these men, how vain they are,
How forward, how presuming!
Ere one blow for victory struck,
Their notes of triumph singing;
But Adina's not so easily caught
In a wedding-ring.

Nem. If love would give me courage,
I'd tell of all my torture,
And then this fluttering bosom
Might yet of victory sing;
But this poor heart's timidity
My bark to wreck will bring.

Gia. } (It truly would be laughable
Cho. } If Adina should be caught, now,
By this gallant son of Mars,
Who conquers all he sees!
It would be very laughable.
But she, she's far too cunning,—
He ne'er will victory sing.)

Bel. Meanwhile, my dear girl, allow my comrades, after the fatigue of their march, to take a little rest here, beneath these shady trees.

Adi. With the greatest pleasure; and I shall be most happy in offering a bottle of wine to them.

Bel. Much obliged. (I see I am already one of the family.)

Adi. [*To the Peasants.*] The sun is setting, you may leave off working now.

Cho. Let us go.

[*Exeunt Belcore, Gianetta, and Chorus*

SCENE III.—Nemorino and Adina.

Nem. One word, dear Adina—

Adi. The accustomed torment—the usual sighs! Nemorino, it would be much better for you to go to town and see your uncle, who, it is reported, is seriously ill, than to waste your time here.

Nem. His illness is nothing compared to mine. I have tried many times to leave this place, but it's impossible.

Adi. But if he dies, and you lose the inheritance.

Nem. What do I care?

Adi. You will die of hunger.

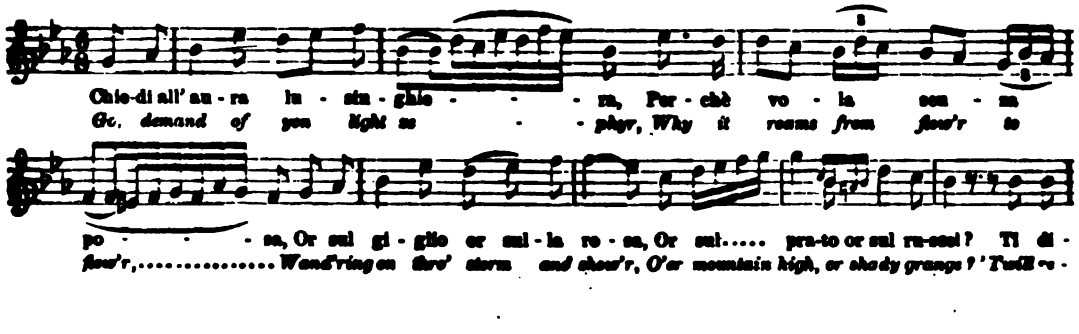
Nem. Whether I die of hunger or of love, it's all the same.
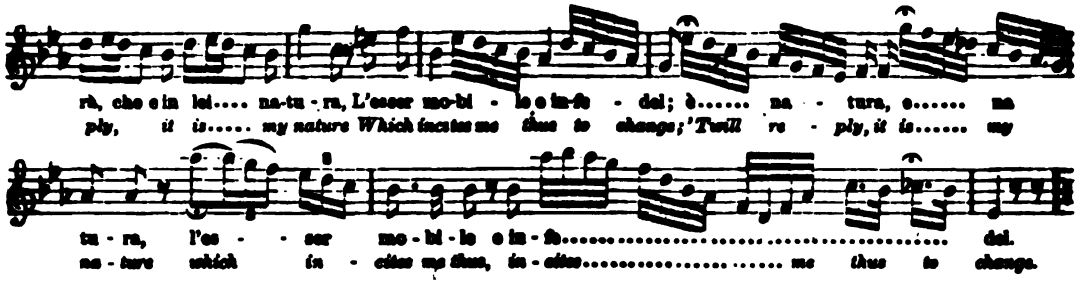
Adi. Listen to me. You are good and modest. I do not believe you so vain as that sergeant; and for that reason I speak to you plainly, and tell you, that it is useless to hope for love from me,—I cannot love you.

Nem. And why not? Oh! Adina!

Adi. A pretty question, truly.

CHIEDI ALL' AURA LUSINGHIERA—GO, DEMAND OF YON LIGHT ZEPHYR. Adina.





Nem. Dunque io deggio?
Adi. All' amor mio
Rinunziar, fuggir da me.
Nem. Cara Adina!—non posso.
Adi. Tu noi puoi? perchè?
Nem. Perchè?
Chiedi al rioperchè gemente
Dalla balza ov' ebbe vita,
Corre al mar che a sè l'invita,
E nel mar seu va a morir:
Ti dirà che lo strascina
Un poter che non sa dir.
Adi. Dunque vuoi?
Nem Morir com'esso,
Ma morir seguendo te.
Adi. Ama altrove: è a te concesso.
Nem Ah! possibile non è.
Adi. Per guarir da tal pazzia,
Chè è pazzia l'amor costante,
Dèi seguir l'usanza mia,
Ogni dì cambiar d'amante.
Come chiodo scaccia chiodo,
Così amor discaccia amor.
In tal guisa io rido e godo,
In tal guisa ho sciolto il cor.
Nem. Ah! te sola io vedo, io sento,
Giorno e notte, in ogni oggetto:
D'obbliarti invano io tento,
Il tuo viso ho scolto in petto—
Col cambiarsi qual ta fai,
Può cambiarsi ogn' altro amor.
Ma non può giammai,
Il primiero uscir dal cor. [*Partono.*

Nem. What remains, then?
Adi. This fruitless passion
Renounce, and from me fly.
Nem. Ah! I cannot, dear Adina.
Adi. Thou canst not! and why? and why?
Nem. Would thou know why?
Go, demand of yon fair river
Why parts it from its source and fountain,
Coursing on through dale, down mountain,
Till lost in the far distant sea.
'Twill reply, some unknown power
Still drives me on,—fate wills, so't must be.
Adi. Then thou wilt not—
Nem. Like that fair river,
Lost I'll be while following thee.
Adi. Seek some other, with her forget me.
Nem. Ah, no, no,—that ne'er can be.
Adi. Wouldst thou cure this idle madness—
For 'tis madness of constant love to think—
Then like me, with mirth and gladness,
Each hour you'd forge love's chain a link.
As the night the day displaces,
And in turn gives place to morn,
So each fading elder passion
Of its younger should be the dawn.
Nem. Ah! night and day, in every object
I do see and hear but thee, love;
On this heart that form is graven,—
I would not, if I could, be free, love.
Other love, perchance, might waver,
Thus repelled with mirth and scorn;
But my true soul can ne'er be driven
From the fond faith whereto 'tis born. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.—*Piazza nel Villaggio.—Osteria della Pernice da un lato.—Passano che vanno e che vengono occupati in varie faccende. Odesi un suono di tromba: escono dalle case le Donne con curiosità: vengono quindi gli Uomini.*

GIANETTA, FLORETTA, e *Coro.*

Don. Che vuol dire cotesta sonata?
Uom. La gran nuova! venite a vedere.
Don. Cos' è stato?
Uom. In carrozza dorata
E arrivato un signor forestiere.
Se vedeste che nobil sembiante!
Che vestito! che treno brillante!
Tutti. Certo, certo egli è un gran personaggio,
Un Barone, un Marchese in viaggio—
Qualche Grande che corre la posta—
Forse un Duca—fors' anche di più.
Osservate—si avanza—si accosta;
Già i beretti, i cappelli già, già.

SCENE IV.—*A Square in the Village.—The Partridge Inn on one side.—Peasants pass in and out, as on business.—The sound of a trumpet heard, on which Women come from the houses, and Men step on their way, to learn the cause.*

Enter GIANETTA, FLORETTA, *and Chorus.*

Wom. What can mean
Those strange sounds echoing near us?
Men. Great news it is! Come, now, and look!
Wom. What is't? what is't?
Oh, what wonder, all wonders excelling!
Men. In a carriage of gold,
A traveller approaches our dwelling.
Could you see what splendour surrounds him!
Whoe'er he looks on, he straightway confounds him.
All. He's a Baron, or Marquis, I think, boys,
Off hats and he'll treat us to drink, boys!
He's a Baron or Marquis, I'm sure, girls!
Here's a chance, if you look but demure, girls!
See, he approaches,
How splendid his coach is!
All in flowers of gold and of green,—
Such an equipage never was seen!

SCENA V.—*Il Dottore* DULCAMARA *sopra una carrozza in piedi.—Dice ad esso un servitore che suona la tromba.—Tutti i Paesani lo circondano.*

Dul. Udite, udite, o rustici;
Attenti, non fiatate.
Io già suppongo e imagino
Che al par di me sappiate
Ch' io sono quel gran medico
Dottore enciclopedico,
Chiamato Dulcamara,
La cui virtù preclara,
E i portenti infiniti
Son noti in tutto il mondo—e in altri siti
Benefattor degli uomini,
Riparator de' mali
In pochi giorno io sgombero,
Lo spazzo gli spedali,
E la salute a vendere
Per tutto il mondo io vò
Compratela, compratela,
Mostrando una bottiglia.
Per poco io ve la do!
E questo l' odontalgico
Mirabile liquore
Dei topi e delle cimici
Possente distruttore,
I cui certificati
Autentici, bollati,
Toccar vedere e leggere
A chiaschedun farò.
Per questo mio specifico
Simpatico, prolifico
Un uom settuagenario
E valetudinario,
Nonno di dieci bamboli
Ancorà diventò.
Per questo 'Tocca e Sana,'
In breve settimana
Più d' un' afflitta vedova
Di piangere cessò
O voi matrone rigide,
Ringiovanir bramate?
Le vostre rughe incomode
Con esso cancellate.
Volete voi donnelle
Ben liscia aver la pelle!
Voi giovani galanti
Per sempre avere amanti?
Comprate il mio specifico,
Per poco io ve lo do.
Ei move i paralitici,
Spedisce gli apopletici;
Gli asmatici, gli asfitici,
Gl' isterici, i diabetici,
Guarisce, timpanitidi,
E scrofole e rachitidi,
E fino il mal di fegato
Che [illegible] moda diventò.
Comprate il mio specifico,
Per poco io ve lo
L' ho portato [illegible]ra
Da lontano
Mi direte . q [illegible]osta?
Quanto vale la bottiglia?
Cento scudi—trenta—venti—
No!—nessuno si sgomenti
Per provarvi il mio contento
Di sì amico accoglimento,
Io vi voglio, ò buona gente,
Uno scudo regalar.

SCENE V.—*Enter Dr.* DULCAMARA *and Attendant, the former drawn on in a gilt chair, with papers and bottles in his hands, the latter sounding a trumpet.—The Peasants gather about them.*
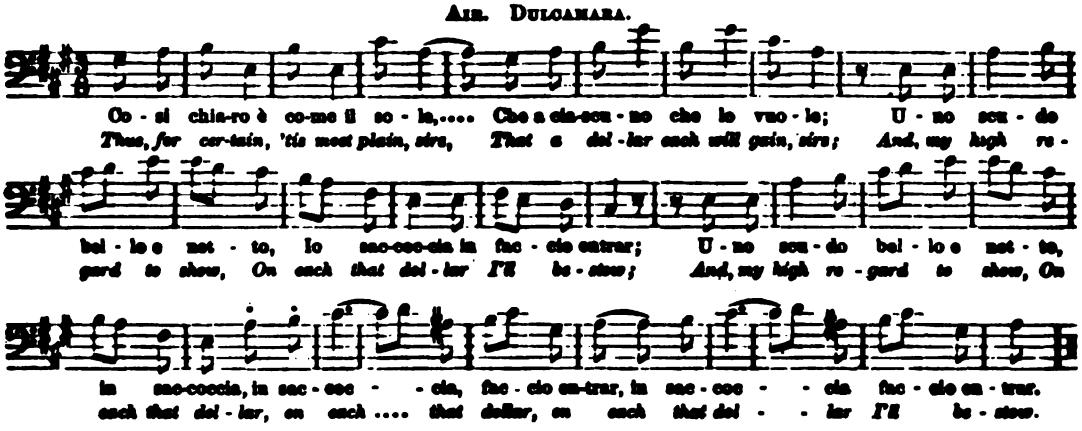
Dul. Give ear, now, ye rustic ones;
Attention now, and silence all!
I think—yes—and imagine now,
That all who stand before me now,
Have oft heard of my wondrous fame,
And understood my glorious name—
The Italian Dulcamara,
A doctor from Ferrara!
And my wonderful renown
Is known the wide world through,
And—and—and elsewhere, too!
Of all men, I am
The greatest, wondrous benefactor:
A doctor sans pareil.
I sell the 'Magic Pain Extractor;'
I make the people happy all
Where'er I deign to call.
Come buy, come buy!
Holding out a bottle.
Cheap you every one shall have it!
The famous odontalgicum is this—
Truly, an admirable mixture!
Which every sort of toothache cures,
And ne'er was known to fail.
Its infallible efficacy is corroborated,
As each of you himself may testify,
By certificates undoubted.
By this invaluable specific,
Sympathetic and prolific,
An old man, of eighty years,
Quickly changed was to a youth
Of strong and active frame.
By this magic 'Pain Extractor.'
Many an afflicted widow
Quickly of her tears was freed.
And, oh! all ye stately matrons,
Wish you to be young again?
If so, take this wond'rous balsam,
And let your wrinkles disappear.
Ye maidens, too, who, as I know,
All like to have a snowy skin;
And young gallants, who wish to win
Kind favour in their mistress' eyes—
Come buy of me this great specific,
Which to you all I cheap will sell.
This cures the apoplectical,
The asthmatical, the paralytical,
The dropsical, the diuretical,—
Consumption, deafness, too,
The rickets, and the scrofula;—
All evils are at once upset
By this new and fashionable mode.
Come buy, come buy my grand specific!
For a mere trifle you shall have it.
Ten thousand miles or more,
For you this mixture I have brought!
You will wonder what the price is—
One hundred dollars—thirty—twenty?
No!—I think you'll scarce believe me—
But, to prove to you my friendship,
I'm happy—yes, contented,
That all these good folks around me
For one dollar now shall have it.

Cho. Uno scudo! veramente.
Più brav' uom non si può dar.
Dul. Ecco qua: così stupendo,
Si balsamico elisire,
Tutta Europa sa ch' io vendo
Niente men di nove lire:
Ma siccome è pur palese,
Ch' io son nato nel paese,
Per tre lire a voi richiedo;

Cho. For one dollar only! Truly
The most liberal offer we e'er knew.
Dul. Now, observe these pills tremendous,
Their cures have been stupendous!
And you scarcely need be told,
At four dollars they are sold.
But you know, my friends most dear
I was born among you here,
And you shall buy of me
This four-dollar box for three!

COSI CHIARO E COME IL SOLE—THUS, FOR CERTAIN, 'TIS MOST PLAIN, SIRS.

AIR. DULCAMARA.



Ah! di patria il caldo affetto.
Gran miracoli può far.
Cho. E verissimo: porgete.
Oh! il brav uom, dottor, che siete;
Noi ci abbiam del vostro arrivo
Lungamente a ricordar.

But to serve my native country,
My profits thus I sacrifice.
Cho. This is right—he tells us truly:
Let's accept his liberal offer.
Oh! most wise and wond'rous doctor,
Your arrival at this place
Will be very long remembered.

SCENA VI.—NEMORINO *e* DULCAMARA.

Nem. (Ardir. Ha forse il cielo
Mandato espressamente per mio bene
Quest' uom miracoloso nel villagio.
Della scienza voglio far saggio.)
Dottore—perdonate—
E ver che possediate
Segreti portentosi?
Dul. Sorprendenti.
La mia saccoccia è di Pandora il vaso.
Nem. Avreste voi—per caso—
La bevanda amorosa
Della Regina Isotta?
Dul. Ah!—che?—che cosa?

SCENE VI.—NEMORINO *and* DULCAMARA.

Nem. (Courage! Heaven itself has, perhaps, sent this miraculous doctor into our village, on purpose to save me. I will make trial of his science.) Doctor! I beg your pardon—is it true that you are in the possession of important secrets?
Dul. Most surprising ones. My box is like that of Pandora!
Nem. Have you, by good fortune, the amorous draught of the Queen Isotta?
Dul. Ah!—the what?—what is it?
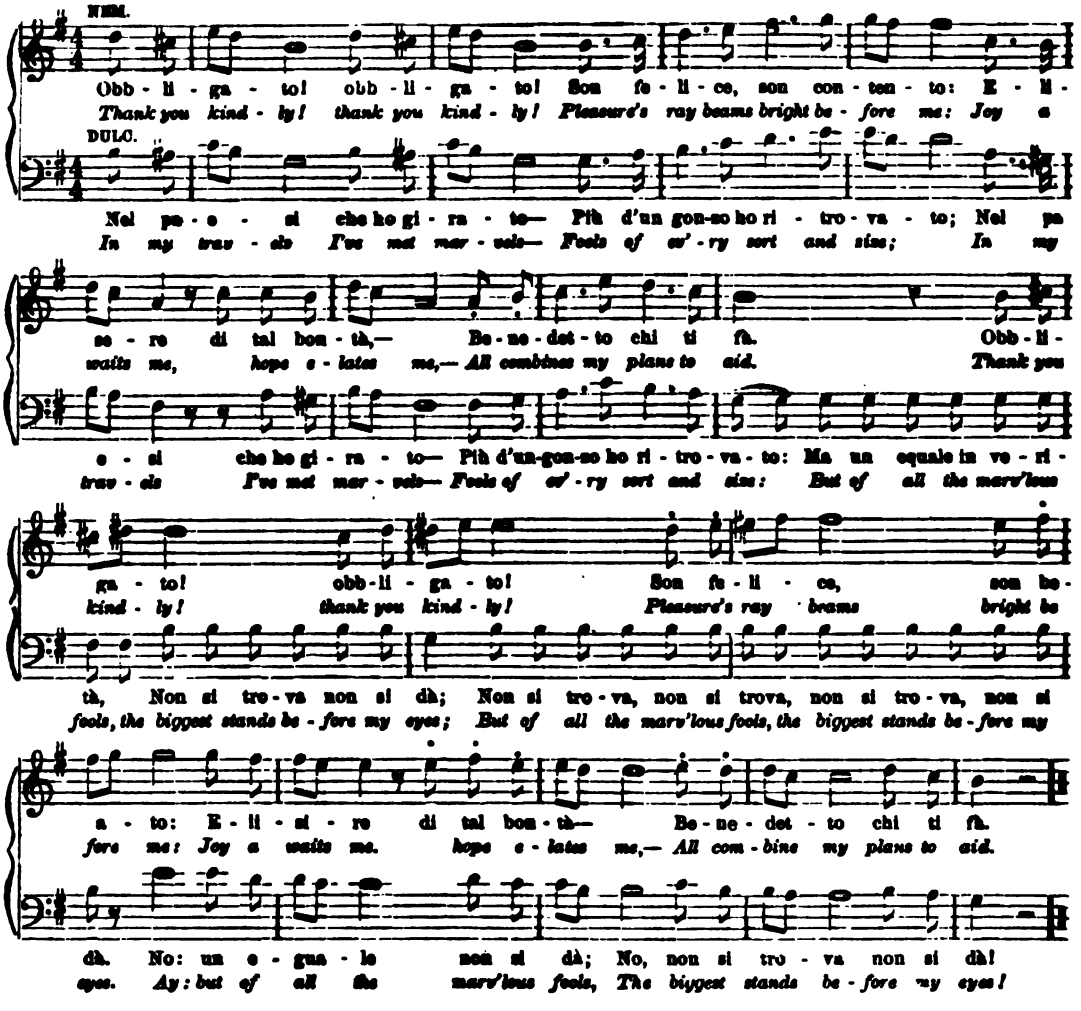
Duo.

Nem. Voglio dire—lo stupendo
Elisir che desta amore—
Dul. Ah! sì, sì, capisco, intendo
Io ne son distillatore.
Nem. E fia vero?
Dul. Se ne fa,
Gran consumo in quest' età.
Nem. Oh! fortuna!—e ne vendete?
Dul Ogni giorno, a tutto il mondo.
Nem. E quale presso ne volete?
Dul. Poco—assai—cioè—secondo—
Nem. Un scchin—nul' altro ho qua—
Dul. E la somma che ci va.
Nem. Ah! prendetelo, dottore.
Dul. Ecco il magico liquore.

DUET.

Nem. I mean to say—the miraculous elixir that can awaken love.
Dul. Oh! yes, yes—I understand you now; I am the veritable compounder of it.
Nem. Is it possible!
Dul. I am the only man who can make it.
It is in great demand.
Nem. Oh! happiness! And do you sell it
Dul. Daily, sir, to the whole world.
Nem. And what do you charge for it?
Dul. Very little—that is according to—
Nem. One piaster is all that I possess.
Dul. That's exactly the price of it.
Nem. Oh! there, take it, doctor.
Dul. Here, then, is the magic liquid.

OBBLIGATO!—THANK YOU KINDLY. DUET. NEMORINO *and* DULCAMARA.



Nem. Ehi!—Dottore—un momentino
In qual modo usar si puote?

Dul. Con riguardo, pian pianino
La bottiglia un po' si scote—
Poi si stura—ma si bada—
Che il vapor non se ne vada.
Quindi al labbro lo avvicini,
E lo bevi a centellini,
E l' effetto sorprendente
Non è tardi à conseguir.

Nem. Sul momento?

Dul. A dire il vero,
Necessario è un giorno intero
(Tanto tempo sufficiente
Per cavarmela e faggir.)

Nem. E il sapore?

Dul. Egli è eccellente—
(E Bordò, non elisir.)

Nem. Obbligato, ah, sì, obbligato
Son felice, son rinato;
Elisir di tal ponta,
Benedetto chi ti fa!

Nem. Eh! doctor, stop a moment. How am I to take this?

Dul. Shake the bottle a little, with great care, then open it—but beware that none of the vapour escapes; then put it to your mouth and drink it up, and the desired stupendous effect will be produced.

Nem. Immediately?

Dul. Not immediately: a whole day will be required, (That's time enough to enable me to pack up and be off.)

Nem. How does it taste?

Dul. Oh! excellent! (And so it ought—for it is Bordeaux wine.)

Nem. Thank you kindly—I'm obliged!
Happy me—how I'm revived
Elixir of heaven so magic,
Blest'd be he who makes it!

Dul. (Nei paesi che ho girato
Più d' un gonzo ho ritrovato ;
Ma un eguale in verità
Non ve n' è, non se ne dà.)
Giovinotto ! ehi, ehi !

Nem. Signore !

Dul. Sopra più—silenzio, sai ?
Oggidì spacciar l' amore
E un affar geloso assai.
Impacciar se ne potria,
Un tantin l' autorità.

Nem. Ve ne do la fede mia,—
Nè anche un' anima il saprà.

A 2.

Dul Va, mortale avventurato,
Un tesoro io t' ho donato :
Tutto il sesso femminio
Te doman sospirerà.
(Ma doman di buon mattino
Ben lontan sarò di qua.)

Nem. Ah, dottor, vi do parola,
Ch' io berrò per una sola ;
Nè per altra, e sia pur bella,
Nè una stilla avanzerà.
(Veramente amica stella
Ha costui condotto qua.)

[*Dulcamara entra nell' est.*

SCENA VII.—NEMORINO, *solus*.

Nem. Caro elisir ! sei mio !
Sì, tutto mio ! Com' esser dee possente
La tua virtù, se, non bevuto ancora,
Di tanta gioja già mi colmì il petto !
Ma perchè mai l' effetto
Non ne pose' io vedere
Prima che un giorno inter non sia trascorso ?
Bevasi ! Oh ! buono !—Oh ! caro ! un altro sorso,
Oh ! qual di vena in vena
Dolce calor mi scorre ! Ah ! forse anch' essa—
Forse la fiamma istessa
Incomincia a sentir. Certo la sente,
Me l' annunzia la gioja e l' appettro
Che in me si risvegliò tutto in un tratto.
[*Siede sulla panca dell' osteria ; si cava di saccoccia pane e fritti, e mangia cantando a gola piena.*
La rà, la rà, la rà !

SCENA VIII.—ADINA *e detto*

Adi. (Chi è quel matto ?
Traveggo, o è Nemorino ?
Così allegro e perchè ?)

Nem. (Diamine ! è dessa—
[*Si alza per correre a lei, ma si arresta.*
Ma no—non ci appressiam. De' miei sospiri
Non si stanchì per or. Tac' è—domani
Adorar mi dovrà quel cor spietato.)

Adi. (Non mi guarda neppur ! com' è cambiato !)

Nem. La rà, la rà, la larà !
Larà, larà, larà.

Adi. (Non so se è finta o vera
La sua giocondita.)

Nem. (Finora amor non sente.)

Adi. (Vuol far l'indifferente.)

Dul. In my travels I've seen many
Fools of every sort and size,
But of all the fools the biggest
Now he stands before my eyes.
Eh, young man ? eh, eh !

Nem. Well, doctor !

Dul. Silence, silence, sir, I pray.
Selling love in this queer fashion
May no little trouble bring me.
Discovered should it be this sale,
They may put me in the gaol.

Nem. Silent as the grave I'll be,—
They'll get no word or look from me.

DUET.

Dul. Go, and spend the day in pleasure,—
I have given you a treasure
All the women will adore you,
When to-morrow shall arrive.
(But to-morrow, very early,
I shall hence be far away.)

Nem. Ah ! dear doctor, take my word for't,
I the whole will surely drink ;
And for no one—e'en Adina's self,
Shall a single drop be left.
(Friendly powers, be thank'd for guiding
This good doctor to my home.)

[*Exit Dulcamara, leaving Nemorino with the bottle in his hand.*

SCENE VII.—NEMORINO, *alone*.

Nem. Wonderful elixir ! thou art mine—yes, all my own !
Oh ! why can I not enjoy its effects immediately ! to-morrow, to-morrow ! but now to the trial.
[*Drinks and sings.*] 'Pon my word, very good indeed ! [*Drinks again.*] Better and better ! [*Drinks.*] The flavour is certainly most delicious. [*Drinks the remainder.*] There, that has certainly finished the business. What a wonderful fellow that Dulcamara must be ! I feel its effects already—the blood courses through my veins with redoubled fervour, and inspires me with an ardour and confidence I never felt before. How powerful must be its virtue to work so surprising a change, almost on the instant !
[*He sits down, takes some bread and fruit from his pocket, eats and sings with his mouth full.*
La, ra, la, ra !

SCENE VIII.—ADINA *and the same.*

Adi. Who is this idiot ? Do I dream ? or is it indeed Nemorino, thus acting the fool ?)

Nem. (Bless me, there she is.
[*He runs towards her, but stops suddenly.*
But no, I will not go to her : my sighs are no longer tiresome to her ; I will be silent, for to-morrow her proud heart must succumb to me.)

Adi. He does not even look at me : what a change is this !

Nem. Lara, lara, la, lara !
Lara, lara, lara !
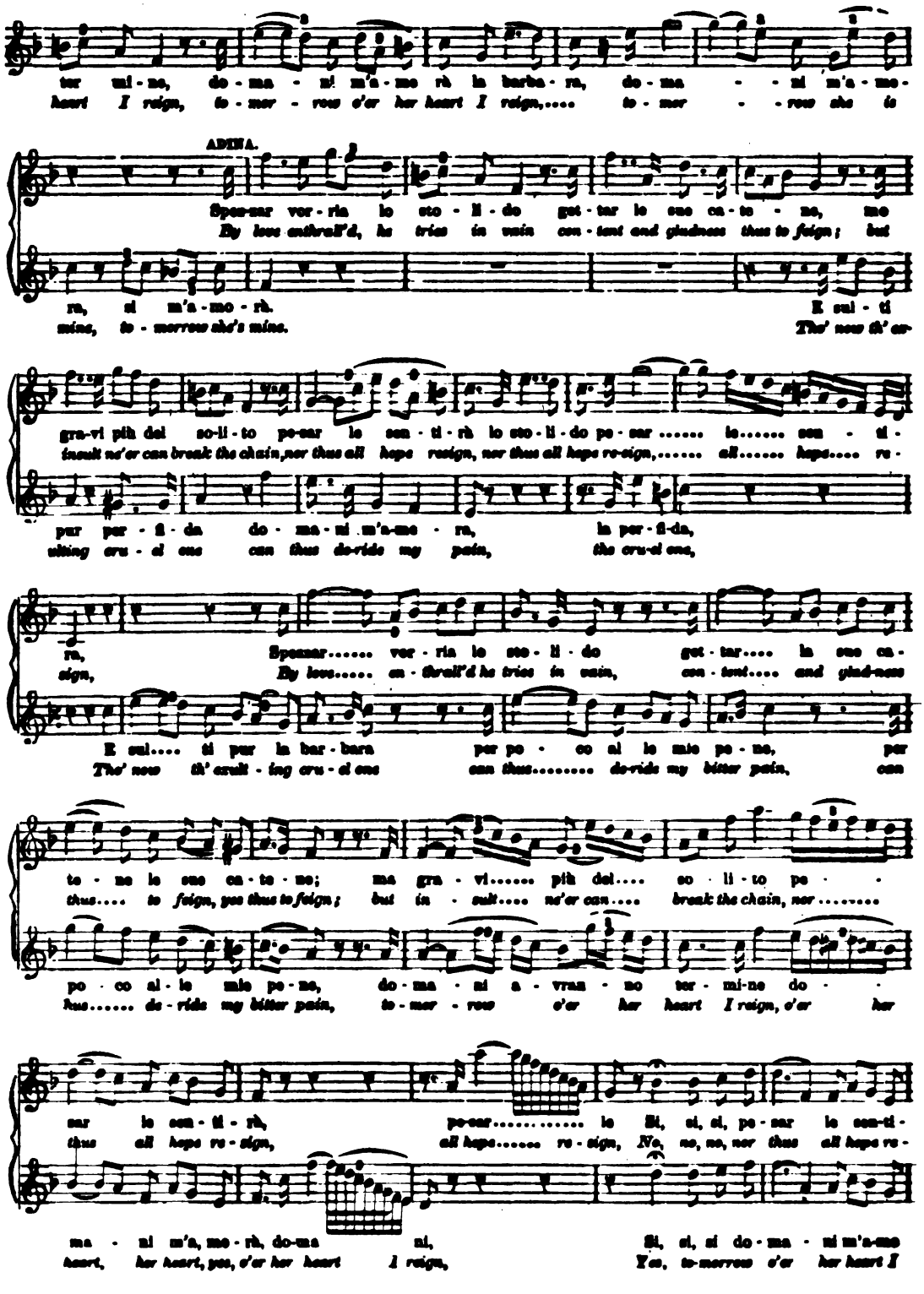
Adi. (I should like to know whether this mirth is true or only pretended.)

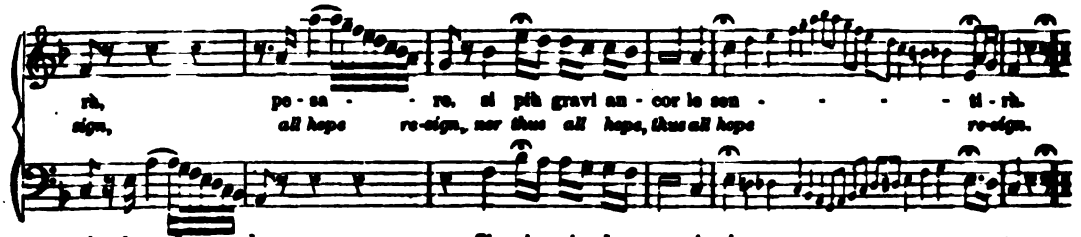
Nem. (She does not appear to love me yet.)

Adi. (Oh ! this indifference must be all assumed.)

ESALTI PUR LA BARBARA.—THO' NOW TH' EXULTING CRUEL ONE. ADINA *and* NEMORINO.




ter mi-ne, do-ma - ni m'a-mo rà la barba-ra, do-ma - - ni m'a-mo-
heart I reign, to-mor - row o'er her heart I reign,..... to-mor - - row she is
ADINA.
Spes-sar ver-ria lo sco-li-do get-tar le sue ca-te - ne, me
By love enthrall'd, he tries in vain con-tent and gladness thus to feign; but
ra, si m'a-mo-rà. E sul-ti
mine, to-morrow she's mine. Tho' now th' ar-
gra-vi più del so-li-to pe-sar le sen-ti-rà lo sco-li-do pe-sar ..... le..... sen - ti-
insult ne'er can break the chain, nor thus all hope resign, nor thus all hope re-sign,..... all..... hope..... re-
per per-fi-da do-ma-ni m'a-mo - ra, la per-fi-da,
ulting cru-el one can thus de-ride my pain, the cru-el one,
ra, Spessar..... ver-ria le sco-li-do get-tar.... la sue ca-
sign, By love..... en-thrall'd he tries in vain, con-tent.... and glad-ness
E sul.... ti per la bar-bara per po-co si le mie pe-ne, per
Tho' now th' exult-ing cru-el one can thus..... de-ride my bitter pain, can
te-ne le sue ca-te-ne; ma gra-vi..... più del.... so-li-to pe-
thus.... to feign, yes thus to feign; but in-sult.... ne'er can.... break the chain, nor .....
po-co si-le mie pe-ne, do-ma-ni a-vran-no ter-mi-ne do-
hus..... de-ride my bitter pain, to-mor-row o'er her heart I reign, o'er her
sar le sen-ti-rà, pe-sar..... le Sì, sì, sì, pe-sar le sen-ti-
thus all hope re-sign, all hope..... re-sign, No, no, no, nor thus all hope re-
ma - ni m'a, mo-rà, do-ma ni, Sì, sì, sì do-ma - ni m'a-mo
heart, her heart, yes, o'er her heart I reign, Yes, to-morrow o'er her heart I



Nem. La rà, la rà!
Adi. Bravissimo! [*Avvicinandosi a lui.*
La lezion ti giova.
Nem. E ver: la metto in opera
Così, per una prova.
Adi. Dunque il soffrir primiero?
Nem. Dimenticarlo io spero.
Adi. Dunque l' antico fuoco?
Nem. Si estinguerà fra poco.
Ancora un giorno solo,
E il core guarirà.
Adi. Davver! me ne consolo—
Ma pure—si vedrà.
Nem. (Esulti per la barbara
Per poco alle mie pene!
Domani avranno termine,
Domani mi amerà.)
A 2. (Spezzar vorria lo stolido
Gettar le sue catene;
Ma gravi più del solito
Pesar le sentirà.)

SCENE IX.—Belcore *di dentro, indi in iscena, e detti.*

Bel. [*Di dentro.*]
Tran tran, tran tran, tran tran!
In guerra ed in amore
L' assedio annoja e stanca.
Adi. (A tempo vien Belcore.)
Nem. (E qua quel seccatore.)
Bel. [*Entrando.*] Io vado all' arma bianca
In guerra ed in amor.
Adi. Ebben, gentil sergente,
La piazza vi è piaciuta?
Bel Difesa à bravamente,
E invano ell' è battuta.
Adi E non vi dice il core
Che presto cederà?
Bel. Ah! lo volesse amore!
Adi. Vedrete che vorrà.
Bel. Quando? sarìa possibile!
Nem. (A mio dispetto io tremo.)
Bel. Favella, o mio bell' angelo
Quando ci sposeremo?
Adi. Prestissimo.
Nem. (Che sento?)
Bel. Ma quando?
Adi. Fra sei dì.
[*Guardando Nemorino.*
Bel. Oh! gioja! son contento.
Nem Ah! ah! va ben così [*Ridendo.*

A 3.

Bel. (Che cosa trova a ridere
Questo scimunito?)
Or or lo piglio a scoppole
Se non va via di qua.)

Nem. La rà, la rà!
Adi. Bravissimo! [*Going up to him.*
My lesson has been useful.
Nem. Oh, very! and the fact is
I'm putting it in practice.
Adi. Then all your former vows—
Nem. Were made but to be broken!
Adi. The ancient flame of which you spoke—
Nem. Is already turned to smoke:
To-morrow, too, I hope to be
Once more heart-whole and free!
Adi. Indeed! I'm glad to hear it!
But to-morrow we shall see.
Nem. (Though now the proud and cruel girl
Exults in the chains that bind me,
To-morrow, sure, of that proud heart
The happy lord will find me.)
Adi. (Vainly does the fool thus think
His chains to sever:
For heavier yet than ever
He shall to-morrow find them.)

SCENE IX.—Belcore, *entering from within, and the others.*

Bel. [*Singing at side.*]
Tran, tran, tran, tran, tran, tran!
In love, boys, as in war,
A siege is wondrous trying.
Adi. (He comes most opportunely.)
Nem. (That pest here again!)
Bel. [*Entering.*] While both keen blades require, boys
Without a speck or flaw.
Adi. How now, most val'rous sergeant.
When will the siege be ended?
Bel. Alas! in vain I lay before
A place so well defended!
Adi. Does not your heart inform you
That soon the place will fall?
Bel. Ah! if I dare imagine——
Adi. Courage! you'll batter down the wall!
Bel. But when? Oh! is it possible?
Nem. (In spite of myself, I tremble!)
Bel. Then, love, pray name our wedding-day
When shall it be?
Adi. Very shortly.
Nem. (What do I hear?)
Bel. But the day?
Adi. Six days hence.
[*Observing Nemorino.*
Bel. Oh, what rapture fills my bosom!
Nem. Ah! ah! be not so sure of that. [*Laughing*

TRIO.

Bel. (I wonder what he's laughing at,
The stupid ignoramus!
I certainly shall punch his head,
Unless he march away.)

Adi. (E poi si lieto ed ilare
Sentir che mi marito!
Non posso più nascondere
La rabbia che mi fa.)
Nem. (Gradasso! ei già s'imagina
Toccar il ciel col dito:
Ma tesa è già la trappola,
Doman se ne avvedrà.)

SCENA X.—*Suona il tamburo: esce* GIANETTA *con le contadine, indi accorrono i Soldati di* BELCORE.

Gia. Signor Sergente, Signor Sergente,
Di voi richiede la vostra gente.
Bel. Son qua: che è stato? perchè tal fretta?

CORI—*dei Soldati.*

Son due minuti che una staffetta
Non so qual ordine per voi recò.
Bel. [*Leggendo.*]
Il Capitano—ah! ah! va bene.
Su, camerata: partir conviene.
Cori. Partire! e quando?
Bel. Doman mattina.
Cori. O Ciel, sì presto!
Nem. (Afflitta è Adina.)
Bel. Espresso è l' ordine— che dir non so.
Cori. Maledettissima combinazione!
Cambiar sì spesso di guarnigione!
Dove lo / gli amanti abbandonar.
[*A Adina.*
Bel. Espresso è l' ordine—non so che far.
Carino, udisti? domani addio!
Almen ricordati dell' amor mio.
Nem. (Sì, sì, domani ne udrai la nuova.)
Adi. Di mia costanza ti darò prova:
La mia promessa rammenterò.
Nem. (Sì, sì, domani te lo dirò.)
Bel. Se a mantenerla tu sei disposta,
Chè non anticipi? che mai ti costa?
Fin da quest' oggi non puoi sposarmi?
Nem. (Fin da quest' oggi!
Adi. [*Osservando Nemorino.*] (Si turba, parmi.)
Ebben; quest' oggi——
Nem. Quest' oggi! o Adina.
Quest' oggi, dici?
Adi. E perchè no?
Nem. Aspetta almeno fin domattina.
Bel. E tu che c' entri? vediamo un pò.
Nem. } Adina, credimi, te ne scongiuro—
Cori. } Non puoi sposarlo—te ne assicuro—
Aspetta ancora— un giorno appena—
Un breve giorno—io so perchè.
Domani, o cara, ne avresti pena,
Te ne dorresti al par di me.
Bel. Il ciel ringrazia, o babbuino,
Che matto, o preso tu sei dal vino!
Ti avrei strozzato, ridotto in brani,
Se in questo istante tu fossi in te.
In fin ch' io tengo a fren le mani,
Va via, buffone, ti ascondi a me.
Adi. Lo compatite, egli è un ragazzo:
Un malaccorto, un mesto pazzo:
Si è fitto in capo ch' io debba amarlo,
Perch' ei delira d' amor per me.
(Vo' vendicarmi, vo' tormentarlo,
Vo' che pentito mi cada al piè.)
Gia. } Vedete un poco quel sempliciono.
Cori } Ha pur la strana presunzione.
Ei pensa farla ad un sergente,

Adi. (I can no longer hide my rage!
That he, but now my abject slav
When hearing that I soon shall ' d,
Is yet so blithe and gay!)
Nem. (He thinks himself a conqueror,
This man of war, so valorous;
To-morrow he will hide his head,
Though he thus exults to-day.)

SCENE X.—*Drum heard.* GIANETTA, *attended by the Country People, enters, and then the Soldiers of Belcore.*

Gia. Oh, Mr. Sergeant, Mr. Sergeant,
Your soldiers seek you through the village.
Bel. I am here, now: what's the matter?

CHORUS—*of Soldiers.*

An hour ago, sir, was left below, sir,
This despatch, directed, sir, to you.
Bel. [*Reading.*]
'Tis from the Captain—ah! ah! 'tis well!
Comrades, prepare: we change our quarters.
Cho. Are we to change? and when?
Bel. To-morrow morning.
Cho. Oh, Heavens! so soon!
Nem. (It afflicts Adina.)
Bel. Thus runs the order—'tis useless to repine.
Cho. Most miserable condition!
'Tis thus the garrison is always changing,
And thus our lovers all we lose.
Bel. The order is positive—what to do I know not!
[*To Adina.*
Dearest, have you heard? To-morrow we part!
My true love you'll at least remember.
Nem. (Ay, ay! to-morrow you'll hear all about it.)
Adi. I shall be faithful—to that I pledge myself:
On my promise you may safe rely.
Nem. (Ay, ay! to-morrow you'll know all about it.)
Bel. If to be constant you are disposed, love,
Why not our nuptials anticipate?
If in a week, love, why not to-day?
Nem. (To-day, does he say?)
Adi. [*Scrutinizing Nemorino.*] (He seems disturbed.)
Very well; to-day be it.
Nem. Not to-day! oh, Adina.
Say not to-day!
Adi. And pray, sir, why not?
Nem. Ah! at least wait till to-morrow!
Bel. To-day or to-morrow, how concerns it you?
Nem. } Adina, credit me, I do entreat thee—
Cho. } Thou canst not wed him—I tell thee truly.
I conjure thee, till to-morrow wait!
But one short day, love, but one short day!
The future, dearest, thou'lt spend in sorrow,
If to my suit, love, thou now say'st nay.
Bel. Thank Heaven, thou most consummate donkey,
Thou noodle, that naught but contempt exciteth,
If you hadst brains, to the winds I'd scatter 'em—
But when did an ass do aught but bray!
As I'm a soldier, I'll crack your crown, sir,
If here, you scoundrel, you dare to stay.
Adi. Oh, pray, excuse him! he's young and foolish,
A silly peasant, half mad with passion,
Whom I this very morn discarded;
So, no notice take of him, I pray.
(Revenge is pleasant: I'll now torment him,
Till he, repenting, shall mercy pray.)
Gia. } Was ever seen such strange presumption!
Cho. } The fair Adina for him, forsooth!
The sergeant here, without an equal!

A un uom di mondo, cui par non è.
Oh! sì per bacco, è veramente
La bella Adina boccon per te!

Adi. [*Con risoluzione.*] Andiamo, Belcore,
Si avverta il Notaro.

Nem. [*Smaniose.*] Dottore! dottore! dottore!
Soccorso! riparo!

Gia. } E matto davvero!
Cori. }

Adi. (Me l' hai da pagar.) [*A Pasani.*
A lieto convito, amici, v' invito.

Bel. Giannetta, ragazze, vi aspetto a ballar.

Gia. } Un ballo, un banchetto!
Cori. } Chi può ricusar?

This foolish fellow would fain ot twit him;—
Fight with a soldier! why, we'd pit him
'Gainst great Mars, in such a fray.

Adi. [*Resolutely.*] Now quickly, Belcore,
Let the Notary be sent for.

Nem. [*Frantically.*]
Oh doctor, oh doctor, assist me!—help, help!
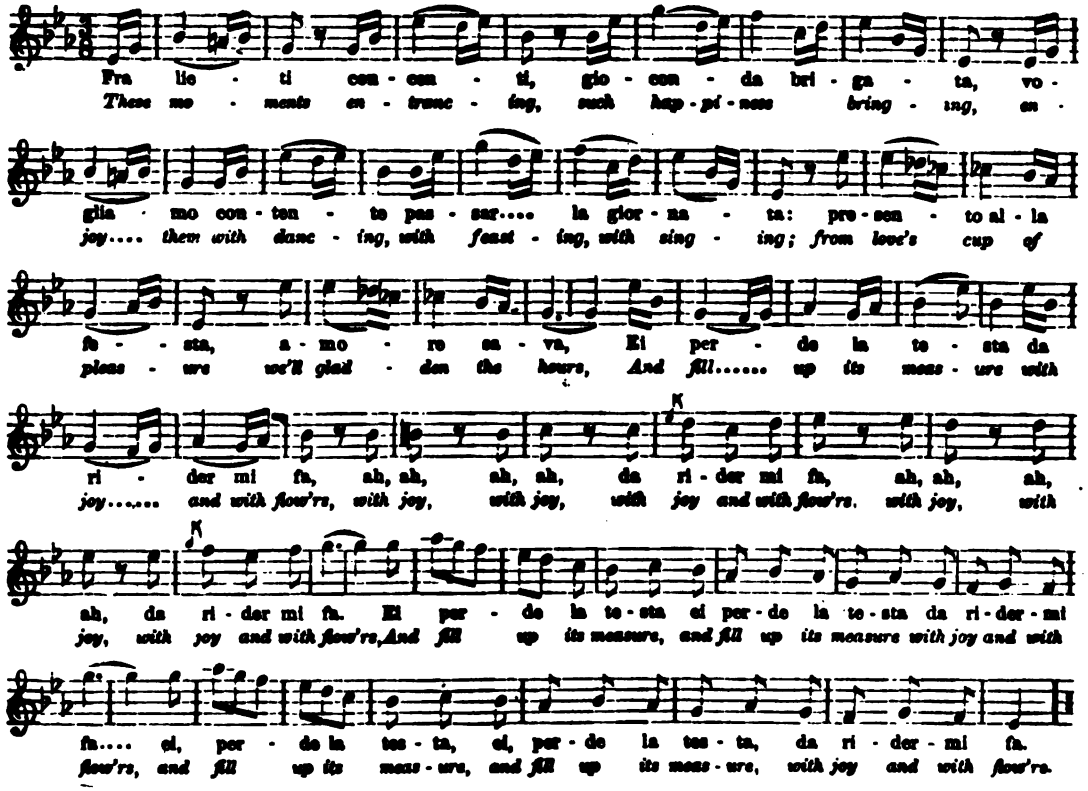
Gia. } He's mad, sirs! how sad, sirs!
Cho. }

Adi. (In his own coin I pay.) [*To Peasantry*
I know 'twill delight you, and therefore invite you

Bel. To a ball and banquet, on this happy day.

Gia. } A ball and banquet!
Cho. } Who can decline them?

FRA LIETI CONCENTI.—THESE MOMENTS ENTRANCING.



Nem Mi spregia il sergente, mi burla l' ingrata,
Zimbello alla gente—mi fa la spietata.
L' oppresso mia core—più speme non ha.
Dottore! dottore! soccorso! pietà!

[*Adina dà la mano a Belcore, e si avvia con esso. Raddoppiano le smanie di Nemorino: gli astanti lo dileggiano*

FIN DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

Nem. The sergeant is sneering, Adina derides me,
The peasants are jeering; but, whate'er betides me,
I care not—my prospect's all darkness and night.
Oh, doctor, your nostrum has ruin'd me quite!

[*Adina, in a coquettish manner, gives her hand to Belcore. Nemorino is pushed about by all the Characters, and then runs out, in a fit of distraction, amid jeers and laughter, as the curtain falls.*

END OF ACT I.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—*Interno della Fattoria d' Adina.*—ADINA, BELCORE, DULCAMARA, GIANETTA, *seduti a tavola.*—*Gli Abitanti del Villaggio in piedi bevendo e cantando.*

CHORUS.

Cantiamo, facciam brindisi
A sposi così amabili.
Per lor siani unghi e stabili
I giorni del piacer.

Bel. Per me l'amore e il vino
Due numi ognor saranno
Compensan d' ogni affanno
La donna ed il bicchier.

Adi. (Ci fosse Nemorino!
Me la vorrei godere.)

Coro Cantiamo, facciam brindisi, etc.

Dul. Poichè cantar vi alletta,
Uditemi, signori. Ho qua una canzonetta
Di fresco data fuori, vivace, graziosa
Che gusto vi può dar; parchè la bella sposa
Mi voglia secondar.

Tutti Sì, sì, l' avremo cara:
Dev' esser cosa rara,
Se il grande Dulcamara
E giunta a contentar.

Dul. [*Cava di saccoccia alcuni libretti, e ne da uno ad Adi.*]
La Nina Gondoliera.
E il Senator Tredenti.
Barcaruola à due voci.—Attenti.

Tutti. Attenti.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of Adina's Farm.—On one side a table laid, at which are seated* ADINA, BELCORE, DULCAMARA, GIANETTA.—*Around are Country People, drinking and singing.*

CHORUS.

Let us sing, boys, and drink, boys,
To the health of the happy pair!
To them may pleasure, without measure,
Long and constant be!

Bel. By me will love and wine
Evermore be held divine:
The cure for all our pains
Be wine and pretty faces.

Adi. (What can have got Nemorino?
I wish I could see him here.)

Cho. Let us sing, boys, and drink, boys, &c.
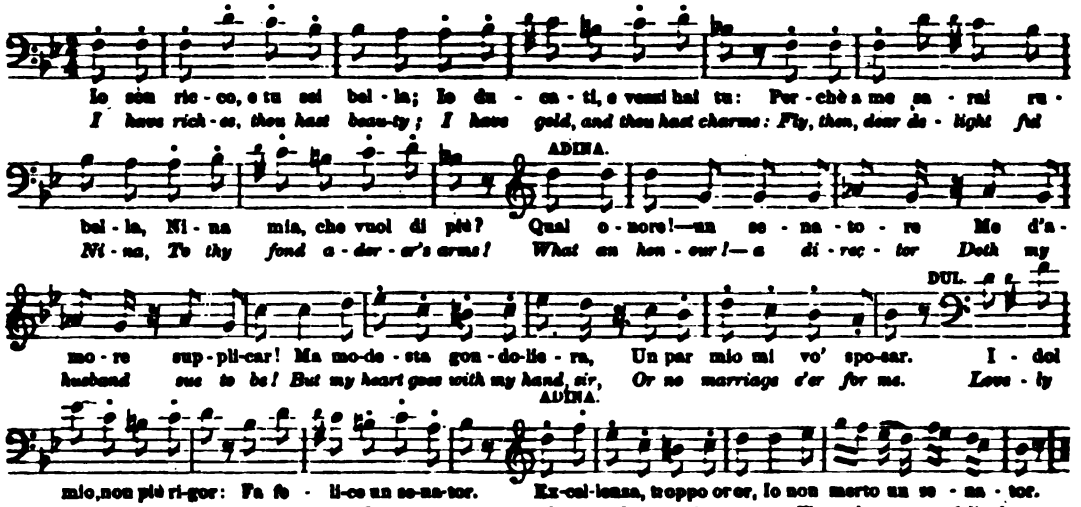
Dul. As you delight in singing, listen, friends, to me. I have here a little song—the last that has come out. It is replete with sprightliness and grace, and is sure to please you if the fair bride will join me in singing it.

All. Yes, yes—we shall be delighted. It must be very clever to have pleased the learned Dulcamara!

Dul. [*Drawing the parts from his pocket, and handing one to Adina.*] It is entitled 'Nina the Boatwoman, and Tredenti the Senator,' a barcarole for two voices Now attend.

Tutti. We attend.

IO SON RICCO—I HAVE RICHES. DUET. DULCAMARA *and* ADINA.



STROFA II.

Dul. Adorata Barcaruola,
Prendi l' oro e lascia amor;
Lieve è questo, e lieve vola;
Pesa quello, e resta ognor.

Adi. Quale onore!—Un Senatore
Me d' amore—supplicar!
Ma Zanetto—è giovinetto;
Ei mi piace, e il vo' sposar.

SECOND VERSE.

Dul. Most ador'd and beauteous creature,
Riches cleanse us from all stains;
Love is light, while gold is heavy,—
This takes wing while that remains.

Adi. What an honour!—a director
Doth my husband sue to be!
But my heart goes with my hand, sir,
And I am younger far than thee.

Dul. Idol mio non più rigor;
Fa felice un Senator.
Adi. Eccellenza! troppo onor.
Io non merto un Senator.
Tutti Bravo, bravo, Dulcamara!
La canzone è cosa rara.
Sceglier meglio non può certo
Il più esperto cantator.
Dul. Il Dottore Dulcamara
In ogni arte è professor.

Viene un Notaro.

Bel. Silenzio!—E qua il Notaro,
Che viene a compier l'atto
Di mia felicità.
Tutti Sia il ben venuto!
Dul. T' abbraccio, e ti saluto,
O medico d' Amore, speziale d' Imene.
Adi. (Giunto è il Notaro, e Nemorino non viene!)
Bel. Andiam, ma bella Venere—
Ma in quelle luci tenere
Qual veggo nuvoletto?
Adi. Non è niente. (S' egli non è presente,
Compita non mi par la mia vendetta.)
Bel. Andiamo a segnar l' atto: il tempo affretta.
Tutti Cantiamo ancora un brindisi
A sposar così amabili:
Per lor sian lunghi e stabili
I giorni del piacer.

Partono tutti Dulcamara ritorna indietro, e si rimette a tavola.

SCENA II.—DULCAMARA, *indi* NEMORINO.

Dul. Le feste nuziale
Son piacevoli assai; ma qual che in esse
Mi dà maggior diletto
E l'amabile vista del banchetto.
Nem. Ho veduto il Notaro: [*Sopra pensiero.*
Sì, l' ho veduto—Non v' ha più speranza,
Nemorino, per te; spezzato ho il core.
Dul. [*Cantando fra i denti.*]
Idol mio non più rigor;
Fa felice un Senator.
Nem. Voi qui, Dottore!
Dul. Sì, m' han voluto a pranzo
Questi amabili sposi, e mi diverto
Con questi avanzi.
Nem. Ed io son disperato!
Fuori di me son io. Dottore, ho d' uopo
D'essere amato—prima di domani—
Adesso—su da [illegible]
Dul. [*Salta.*] [illegible]etto, è matto!)
Recipe l' elisir, e [illegible]po è fatto.
Nem. E veramente amato
Sarò da lei?—
Dul. Da tutte: io tel prometto.
Se anticipar l'effetto
Dell' elisir tu vuoi, bevine tosto
Un' altra dose. (Io parto fra mezz' ora.)
Nem. Caro dottor, una bottiglia ancora.
Dul. Ben volentier. Mi piace
Giovare a' bisognosi. Hai tu danaro?
Nem. Ah! non ne ho più.
Dul. Mio caro,
La cosa cambia aspetto. A me verrai
Subito che ne avrai. Vieni a trovarmi.
Qui presso, alla Pernice
Ci hai tempo un quarto d' ora. [*Parte.*

Dul. Dearest idol, relax your rigour,
And happy make your senator.
Adi. Excellent sir, too much honour
Is your proffer'd love for me.
Cha. Bravo, bravo! Dulcamara,—
'Tis a most amusing song, sir;
Taste and style to you belong, sir,
In no very small degree.
Dul. Yes, myself I flatter, sirs,
That taste and style pertain to me.

Enter Notary.

Bel. Silence, I say!—Here comes the Notary, to accomplish my felicity.
All. And right welcome he is.
Dul. I embrace—I salute you, oh physician of love—apothecary of Hymen.
Adi. (The Notary arrived, and yet Nemorino comes not!)
Bel. Come, my lovely little Venus, let no clouds obscure the lustre of those eyes. What has vexed you?
Adi. Nothing of consequence. (If he be not present, my vengeance will be incomplete.)
Bel. Come, let us sign the deed—time passes on.
All. Let us sing and pass another toast in honour of the loving pair;—may their days of wedded love be everlasting.

[*Exeunt all but Dulcamara, who remains at the table, eating and drinking.*

SCENE II.—DULCAMARA, then NEMORINO.

Dul. Nuptial festivals are agreeable enough; but the best part of the ceremonial, to my mind, is the banquet.
Nem. [*Abstractedly.*] I saw the Notary—yes, with my own eyes I saw him!—There is no more hope for thee, Nemorino. Oh, my heart is breaking.
Dul. [*Singing between his teeth.*]
Dearest girl, relax your rigour,
And happy make the Senator.
Nem. Is it you I see, doctor?
Dul. Yes, the amiable new-married pair invited me to their feast, and I am testifying my respect for them by disposing of its remains.
Nem. I am desperate—I am mad, doctor. Where's the use of being loved to-morrow by one who is to be wedded to-day. I want to be loved now, instantly.
Dul. [*Rising.*] (By Heavens, he's mad!) Take another dose of the elixir, and the thing is done.
Nem. And in truth, now—tell me before I do it—shall I really be loved?
Dul. Undoubtedly: that I promise you. If you would anticipate the effect of the magic elixir, you have only to take another dose. (I go in half an hour.)
Nem. Ah! my dear doctor, give me another bottle directly.
Dul. With all my heart. Nothing is so delightful to me as to be of service to the unfortunate. How much money have you?
Nem. Ah, me! I have not a penny left.
Dul. No money left! That altogether changes the aspect of affairs. Come to me as soon as you have procured some. I shall be close by—at the Partridge Inn. You have a quarter of an hour before you yet. [*Exit.*

SCENA III.—Nemorino, *indi* Belcore.

Nem. [*Si getta sopra una panca.*]
Oh! me infelice!
Bel. (La donna è un animalè
Stravagante davvero. Adina m'ama,
Di sposarmi è contenta, differire
Pur vuol fino a sta sera!)
Nem. (Ecco il rivale!
Mi spezzerei la testa di mia mano.)
Bel. (Ebbene! che cos' ha questo baggiano?
Ehi, ehi, quel giovinotto!
Cos' hai che ti disperi?
Nem. Io mi dispero—
Perchè non ho denaro—e non so come,
Non so dove trovarne.
Bel. Eh! scimunito!
Se danari non hai,
Fatti soldato—e venti scudi avrai.
Nem. Venti scudi!
Bel. E ben sonanti.
Nem. Quando?—adesso?
Bel. Sul momento.
Nem. (Che far deggio.)
Bel. E coi contanti,
Gloria e onore al reggimento.
Nem. Ah! non è l'ambizione, che seduce questo cor.
Bel. Se è l' amore, in guarnigione
Non ti può mancar l' amor.

Duetto.

Nem. (Ai perigli della guerra
Io so ben che esposto sono;
Che doman la patria terra,
Zio, congiunti, ahimè, abbandono—
Mar so pur, che fuor di questa,
Altra strada a me non resta
Per poter del cor d' Adina
Un sol giorno trionfar.
Ah! chi un giorno ottiene Adina
Fin la vita può lasciar.)
Bel. Del tamburo al suon vivace,
Tra le file e le bandiere,
Aggirarsi amor si piace
Con le vispe vivandiere:
Sempre lieto, sempre gaio
Ha di belle un centinaio,
Di costanza non s' annoia,
Non si perde a sospirar.
Credi a me: la vera gioia
Accompagna il militar.
Nem. Venti scudi!
Bel. Su due piedi.
Nem. Ebben, vada. Li prepara.
Bel. Ma la carta che tu vedi
Pria di tutto dêi segnar.
Qua una croce.
[*Nemorino segna rapidamente e prende la borsa.*
Nem. (Dulcamara,
Volo tosto a ricercar.)
Bel. Qua la mano, giovinotto,
Dell' acquisto mi consolo:
In complesso, sopra e sotto
Tu mi sembi un buon figliuolo,
Sarai presto caporale,
Se me prendi ad esemplar.
Ho ingaggiato il mio rivale,
Anche questa è da contar, sì;
Nem. Ah! non sai chi mi ha ridotto
A tal passo, a tal partito:
Tu non sai qual cor sta sotto

SCENE III.—Nemorino, *and afterwards* Belcore.

Nem. [*Casting himself on to a seat.*] Oh, most unfortunate am I!
Bel. (What an incomprehensible being is woman! Adina loves me, that is evident enough,—wishes to be married to me, and yet insists on deferring the nuptials till to-night.)
Nem. (Oh, there is my rival! How I should like to punch his head with this fist of mine!)
Bel. (Oh, there sits that stupid country clown.) Eh, eh, young man, what ails you, that you look so wo-begone?
Nem. I am in despair, because I am in immediate want of money—I have occasion for a crown, have not a shilling, and do not know how to procure one.
Bel. Oh, simpleton, if you want money, it is easy enough to get it by enlisting as a soldier. Then you will have twenty crowns.
Nem. Twenty crowns!
Bel. And good ones, too.
Nem. When? on the instant?
Bel. This very minute.
Nem. (What shall I do?)
Bel. And, besides the money, you will get glory and promotion in the regiment.
Nem. Ah! 'tis not ambition that seduces this heart.
Bel. If 'tis love, in garrison the soldier ne'er need fail in love.

Duet

Nem. (I know full well that the path of war
Ever teems with fearful dangers;
That, to-morrow, for strangers I abandon
My home, country, friends, relations—
But no other path is left me
To secure Adina's heart.
And, oh! what rapture, unexampl'd,
To say I triumph ere I part!
He who Adina once has gain'd,
Afterwards may die content.)
Bel. At the drum's enliv'ning roll,
Whilst flaunting banners grace the line,
Love is pleased to wander round:
'Midst the girls who sell provisions,
Always joyful, always gay,
Thou wilt find a hundred beauties.
Nor, by constancy if ennui'd,
Need thou waste much time in wooing.
Trust to me, there's no deught
To match the soldier's day and night.
Nem. Twenty good crowns?
Bel. Paid down this instant.
Nem. Well, agreed. Hand them over.
Bel. But this paper which thou seest,
Before I give them, thou must sign;—
Put here your name.
[*Nemorino eagerly signs, and takes the money*
Nem. (Dulcamara,
Now I'll soon be with you.)
Bel. Give me your hand, my fine young fellow—
I'm delighted to have gain'd you!
On the whole, all things consider'd,
A likely youth thou seem'st to be;
And you'll soon become a corporal,
If from me you but example take.
Thus success still waits on boldness,
And my triumph doth decree, yes;
Nem. Ah! little knowest thou the motive
That to this step hath led me:
The heart that in this breast is hidden,

A quest' umile vestito ;
Quel che a me tal somma vale
Non potresti imaginar.
(Ah ! non v' ha tesoro eguale,
Si riesce a farmi amar.) [*Partono.*

SCENA IV —*Rustico Cortile aperto nel fondo.*

GIANETTA *e Pastorelle.*

Cho. Saria possibile ?
Gia. Possibilissimo.
Cho. Non è probabile.
Gia. Probabilissimo.
Cho. Ma come mai ? Ma d' onde il sai ?
Chi te lo disse ? chi è ? dov' è ?
Gia. Non fate strepito : parlate piano :
Non anco spargere si può l' arcano.
E noto solo—al merciajuolo,
Che in confidenza l' ha detto a me !
Cho. Il merciajuolo ! l' ha detto a te !
Sarà verissimo—oh ! bella affè !
Gia. Sappiate dunque che l'altro dì
Di Nemorino lo zio morì ;
Che al giovinotto lasciato egli ha
Cospicua, immensa eredità.
Ma zitto—piano—per carità
Non deve dirsi.
Cho. Non si dirà.
Tutti. Or Nemorino è millionario—
E l' Epulone del circondario—
Un uom di vaglia, un buon partito—
Felice quella cui fia marito !
Ma zitto—piano—per carità
Non deve dirsi, non si dirà.
[*Veggono Nemorino che si avvicina, e si ritirano in disparte curiosamente osservandolo.*

SCENA V.—NEMORINO *e detti.*

But ill accords with dress so homely.
How precious to me this little sum,
'Tis far beyond thee to imagine.
(Ah ! no treasure can its equal be,
If her I love through it I gain.)
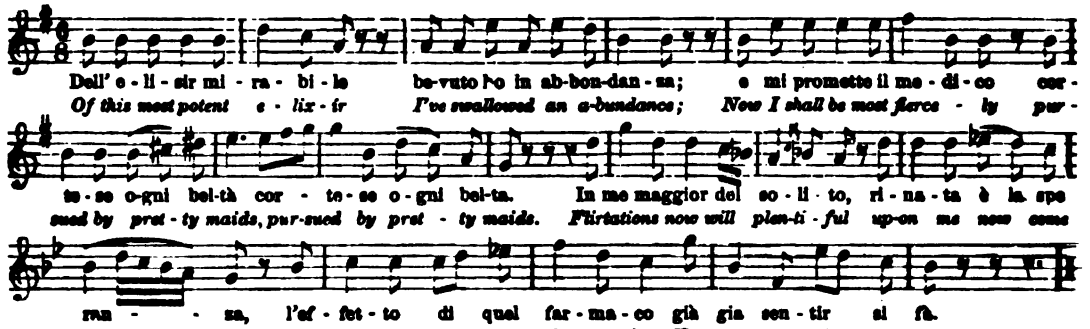
SCENE IV.—*A rustic Courtyard, open in background.*

GIANETTA *and Female Peasants.*

Cho. Can it be possible ?
Gia. Yes, it is possible.
Cho. It does not seem probable.
Gia. It is not only probable, but true.
Cho. But tell us how : who has told you ? how do you know it ? Quick, tell us all about it.
Gia. Hush ! don't make a noise.
This secret must not yet be known : because I have it from the mercer, who told me of it in the strictest confidence.
Cho. If he has told you of it, there can't be any doubt. Oh, happy news !
Gia. Know, then, that Nemorino's uncle died the other day, and has left him a considerable inheritance. But silence ! nobody must know it yet.
Cho. Nobody shall know it.
All. Now Nemorino is a wealthy man : he is the richest man in all the neighbourhood—he is a worthy man—a good match—happy the girl who may get him. But be silent—nobody must know it yet.
[*They see Nemorino coming, and retire on one side, looking at him anxiously.*

SCENE V.—NEMORINO *and the preceding.*

DELL' ELISIR MIRABILE.—**OF THIS MOST POTENT ELIXIR. NEMORINO.**



Cori. (E ognor negletto ed umile :
La cosa ancor non sa.)
Nem. [*Inchinandolo.*] Andiam.
Gia. } [*Arrestandolo.*] Serva umilissima.
Cori. }
Nem. Giannetta !
Cori. [*L' uno dopo l' altra.*] A voi m' inchino.
Nem. (Cos' han costoste giovani ?)
Gia. } Caro quel Nemorino !
Cori. } Davvero ch' egli è amabile ;
Ha l' aria da signor.
Nem. (Capisco : è questa l' opera
Del magico liquor.)

Cho. (He is as mild and humble as usual :
His good fortune he has not yet learn'd.)
Nem. [*Going.*] I may as well go.
Gia. } [*Stopping him, and curtseying.*]
Cho. } Your humble servant, sir.
Nem. Gianetta !
Cho. [*One after another.*] I salute you.
Nem. What is the matter with these young people ?
Gia. } How dear is that Nemorino !
Cho. } How exceedingly amiable he is !
He has quite the appearance of a duke !
Nem. (I begin to comprehend their courtesy
Is the effect of the magic liquor.)

SCENA VI.—Adina, Dulcamara, e detti.

Adi. Che vedo!
Dul. Oh! poveretto!
Ora pel troppo affetto essi dividono a pezzi.
Nem. Ah! dottor, quanto debbo
A quel raro elisir. Mi amano tutte.
Dul. Tutte!
Adi. Che sento!
Dul. [*Sopreso.*] E a tutte piace? E vero?
Cori. A tutte—andiamo—andiamo—
Nemorino non tardiamo.
Adi. [*A Nemorino.*] Io vi dovrei parlar—
Nem. Che dirmi?
Dul. (Anch' essa!)
Cori. Poi, poi gli parlerete.
Al ballo—
Nem. Al ballo, sì: non mi uccidete!
[*Le conducono le ragazze per viva forza.*

SCENA VII.—Adina e Dulcamara.

Adi. Come seu va contento!
Dul. La lode è mia.
Adi Vostra, o dottor?
Dul Sì, tutta. La gioja è al mio comando
Io distillo il piacer, l' amor lambicco.
Come l' acqua di rose; e ciò che adesso
Vi fa maravigliar nel giovinotto,
Tutto portento egli è del mio decotto.
Adi. Pazzie!
Dul. Pazzie, voi dite?
Incredula! pazzie! Sapete voi
Dell' alchimia il poter, il gran valore
Dell' elisir d' amore
Della Regina Isotta?
Adi. Isotta!
Dul. In n'ho d' ogni mistura e d' ogni cotta.
Adi. (Che ascolto?) E a Nemorino
Voi deste l' elisir?
Dul. Ei me lo chiese per ottener l' effetto
Di non so qual crudele—
Adi. Ei dunque amava?
Dul. Languiva, sospirava
Senz' ombra di speranza; e, per avere
Una goccia del farmaco incantato,
Vende la libertà, si fe' soldato.

Duetto.

Adi. (Quanto amore! ed io, spietata!
Tormentai sì nobil cor!)
Dul. (Esso pure è innamorata:
Ha bisogno del liquor.)
Adi. Dunque—adesso—è Nemorino
In amor sì fortunato!
Dul. Tutto il sesso femminino
E pel giovine impazzato.
Adi. E qual donna è a lui gradita?
Qual fra tante è preferita?
Dul. Egli è il gallo della Checca
Tutte segue; tutte becca.
Adi. (Ed io sola, sconsigliata
Possedea quel nobil cor!)
Dul. (Esso pure è innamorata · ha bisogno bel liquor.)
Bella Adina! qua un momento—
Più d' appresso—su la testa.
Tu sei cotta—io l' argomento
A quell' aria afflitta e mesta.
Se tu vuoi?—
Adi. S' io ve'? che cosa?

SCENE VI.—Adina, Dulcamara, *and the preceding*

Adi. What do I see?
Dul. Oh, by way of showing their love, they are now like to tear him to pieces.
Nem. Ah! doctor, how much I owe to this rare elixir! They are all in love with me.
Dul. All!
Adi. (What do I hear?)
Dul. All in love with him? (Can it be true?)
Cho. Ay, all. But let us go—no longer delay. Nemorino will not wait.
Adi. [*To Nemorino.*] I would speak with you——
Nem. What would you say?
Dul. (She, too!)
Cho. You may speak to him by-and-by: he is going to the dance now.
Nem. Ay, to the dance; but do not smother me.
[*The Females drag him away with them*

SCENE VII.—Dulcamara *and* Adina.

Adi. How contentedly he goes with them.
Dul. It's all my doings!
Adi. Yours, doctor?
Dul. Yes, mine! I can compound happiness at a crown a bottle, and distil love like rose-water. That which excites your wonder in you young man, is a prodigy of my decoction.
Adi. Psha!
Dul. Psha! do you say? I like that. Incredulous folly! Do you know the secrets of alchemy? do you know the power of the love elixir of Queen Isotta?
Adi. Isotta!
Dul. Isotta. I have mixtures to suit all purposes.
Adi. (What do I hear?) And you gave this elixir to Nemorino?
Dul. He asked me for it, that he might try its effects upon some cruel fair one.
Adi. Then he was in love?
Dul. He languished, sighed without a ray of hope; and for a draught of the magic elixir, he sold his liberty, and became a soldier.

Duet.
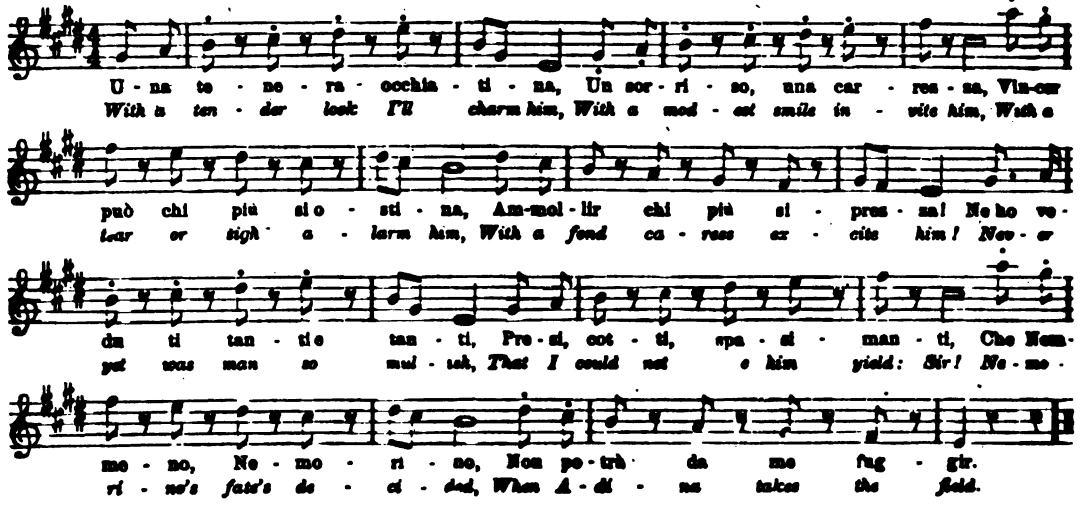
Adi. (What affection! and I—how cruel,
To torment that noble heart!)
Dul. (She's in love, and wants the elixir;—
Faith! I won't so soon depart.)
Adi. Then, 'tis certain that Nemorino
Has, at length, his love requited?
Dul. He's to every feast invited,
Where the women are delighted;
Adi. And of which damsel has he choice made?
Pray, on whom has his pref'rence fall'n?
Dul. I' faith, then, like a butterfly,
From flow'r to flow'r he flies.
Adi. (Some dark fiend, 'twas sure, did tempt me,
To reject that noble heart.)
Dul. (She's in love, and wants the elixir.)
Hist, Adina! a moment hear me:
Nay, come nearer—what! d'ye fear me?
You are caught now—I see it plainly;
And to my plans 'tis owing mainly.
Now, if you will—
Adi. Will what? what mean you?

Dul Su la testa, o schiamazzoso!
Su tu vuoi, ci ho la ricetta.
Che il tuo mal guarir potrà.

Adi Ah! dottor, sarà perfetta,
Ma per me virtù non ha.
Dul. Vuoi vederti mille amanti
Spasimar, languire al piede?
Adi. Non saprei che far di tanti:
Il mio core un sol ne chiede,
Dul. Render vuoi gelose, pazze
Donne, vedove, ragazze?
Adi. Non mi alletta, non mi piace,
Di turbar altrui la pace.
Dul. Conquistar vorresti un ricco?
Adi. Di ricchezze io non mi picco.
Dul. Un contino? un marchesino?
Adi. Io non vo che Nemorino.
Dul Prendi su la mia ricetta,
Che l' effetto ti farà.
Adi. Ah! dottor, sarà perfetta,
Ma per me virtù non ha.
Dul. Sconsigliata! e avresti ardire
Di negare il suo valore?
Adi. Io rispetto l' elisire,
Ma per me ve n' ha un maggiore:
Nemorino, lasciata ogni altra,
Tutto mio, sol mio sarà.
Dul. (Ahi! dottore! è troppo scaltra:
Più di te costei ne sa.)

Dul. Oh, my dear, you're caught! I see it plainly,
But if art of man can save thee,
'Tis the doctor whom you see.
I've a wonderful receipt, dear,
For your identical disease.
Adi. Ah! though your drugs all-powerful be,
No virtue can they have for me.
Dul. Would you have a thousand lovers
Pining at your feet in anguish?
Adi. What with so many should I do?
'Tis for one alone I languish.
Dul. Would you wish to render jealous
Every widow, wife, and maiden?
Adi. No, indeed; I'd add no burden
To the heart with love o'erladen.
Dul. Would you marry one with treasure?
Adi. Ah! in gold I find no pleasure.
Dul. Wouldst a nobleman to court you?
Adi. I'd have none but Nemorino.
Dul. My receipt will surely cure you,
Prithee, take a drop and try.
Adi. No—it's worthless, I assure you,
No, indeed, good sir, not I!
Dul. Have you the presumption, maiden,
Its great virtues to deny?
Adi. With respect to your elixir,
One more potent, sir, have I—
Through whose great virtues, Nemorino,
Leaving all, to me will fly.
Dul. (Oh, she's far too wise and cunning!
These girls know even more than I.)

UNA TENERA OCCHIATINA—WITH A TENDER LOOK I'LL CHARM HIM. AIR. ADINA.



Ind La ricetta è il mio visino,
In quest' occhi è l' elisir.
Sì, lo vedo, o bricconcella,
Ne sai più dell' arte mia:
Questa bocca così bella
È d' amor la spezieria
Hai lambicco ed hai fornello
Caldo più di un Mongibello,
Per filtrar l' amor che vuoi,
Per bruciare e incenerir
Ah! vorrei cambiar coi tuoi
I miei vasi d' elisir. [*Partono.*
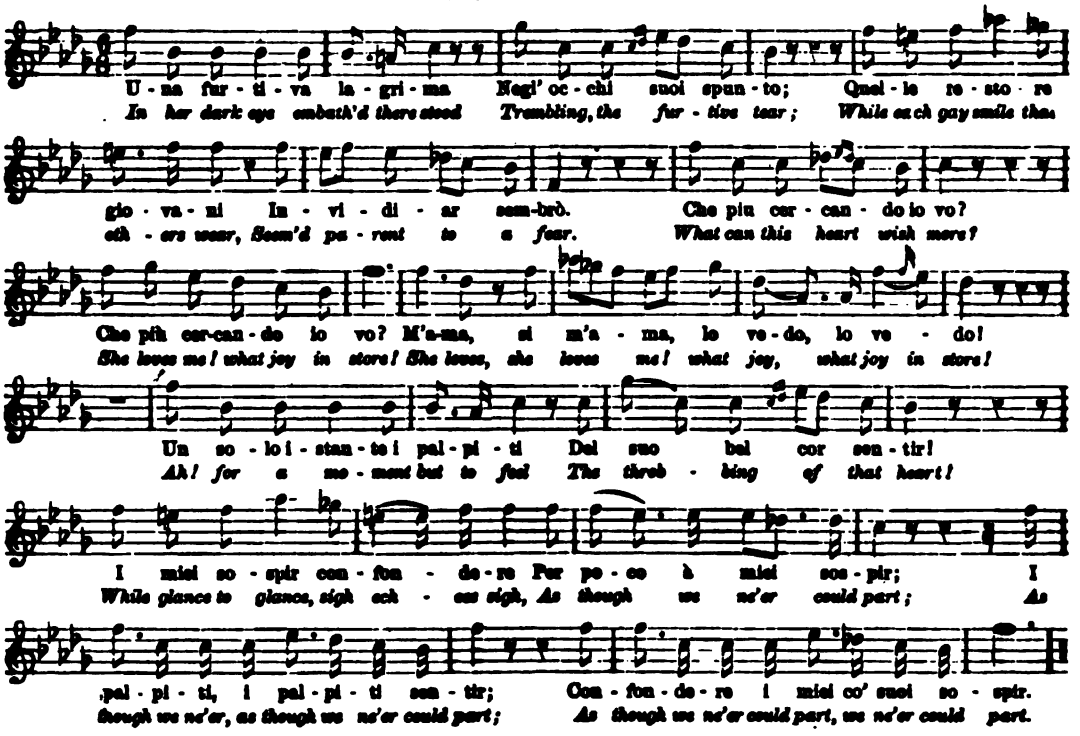
My receipt is in my eyes—
There the true elixir lies
Dul. Ah, you baggage! 'tis most certain
That you art mine far surpasses:
Your bright eyes are burning-glasses,
Within whose all-absorbing focus,
Just as though 'twere hocus-pocus
E'en the astutest heart must yield.
You, you hussy, can distil
Just whatever love you will [*Exeunt.*

SCENA VIII.—*Entra* NEMORINO.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* NEMORINO.

UNA FURTIVA LAGRIMA—IN HER DARK EYE EMBATH'D THERE STOOD.

ROMANCE. NEMORINO.



Cielo, si può morir;
Di più non chiedo.
Eccola—oh! qual le accresce
Beltà l' amor nascente!
A far l' indifferente
Si seguiti così, finchè non viene
Ella a spiegarsi.

Death were a price too poor—I'd give
Eternity such bliss to share!
But here she comes.—Oh, how does her beauty grow
with her growing love! I will, however, continue
to affect indifference till she explains herself.

SCENA IX.—ADINA *e* NEMORINO.

SCENE IX.—ADINA *and* NEMORINO.

Adi. Nemorino!—ebbene?

Nem. Non so più dove io sia: giovani e vecchie,
Belle e brutte mi voglion per marito.

Adi. E tu?

Nem. A verum partito
Appigliarmi non posso: attendo ancora
La mia felicità—(che è pur vicina.)

Adi. Odimi.

Nem. [*Allegro.*] (Ah! ah! ci siamo.) Io v' odo, Adina.

Adi. Dimmi; perchè partire,
Perchè farti soldato hai risoluto?

Nem. Perchè—perchè ho voluto
Tentar se con tal mezzo il mio destino
Io potea migliorar.

Adi. La tua persona—
La tua vita ci è cara—Io ricomprai
Il fatale contratto da Belcore.

Nem. Voi stesso! (È naturale: opra è d' amore.)

Adi. Well, Nemorino!

Nem. I scarcely know whether I stand on my head or my heels! The old, the young, the ugly, the pretty, all want to marry me.

Adi. And you—

Nem. I really don't know what to do. I feel it quite impossible to decide. (My happiness and triumph are both near.)

Adi. Listen to me.

Nem. [*Joyfully.*] (Ah! she is coming to it.) I'm all attention, Adina.
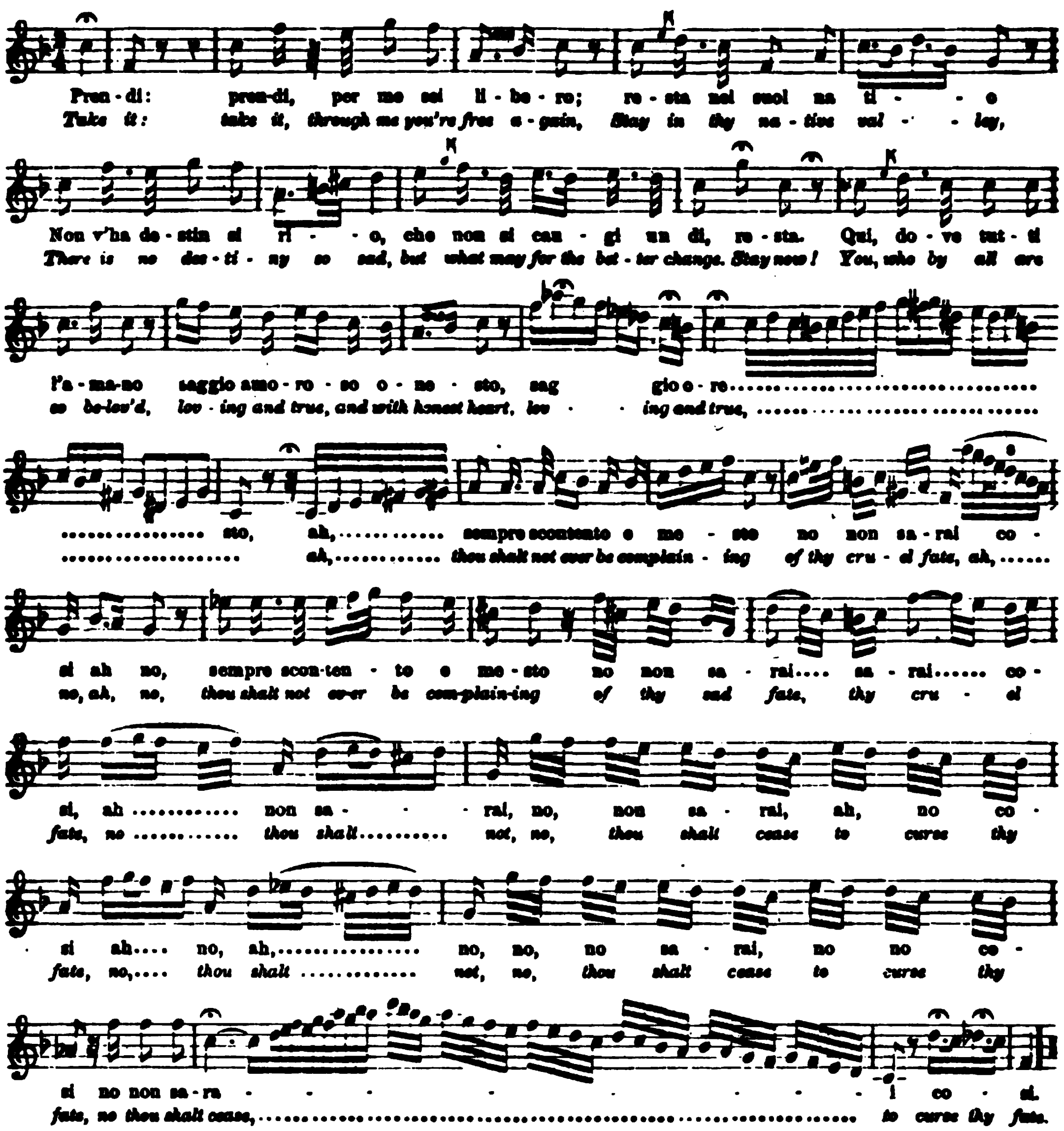
Adi. Tell me, why do you leave us?—why have you resolved to be a soldier?

Nem. Because I'm tired of being idle, and would try in any way to better my condition.

Adi. Nemorino, your life is dear to me—I have paid your smart-money, and rebought the fatal contract from Sergeant Belcore.

Nem. You have rebought it! (That is natural—the elixir has done the business.)

PRENDI, PER ME SEI LIBERO.—TAKE IT, THROUGH ME YOU'RE FREE AGAIN ADINA.



[*Gli porge il contratto.*

Nem. (Or, or si spiega.)

Adi. Addio.

Nem. Che! mi lasciate?

Adi. Io—sì.

Nem. Null' altro a dirmi avete?

Adi. Null' altro.

Nem. Ebben, tenete. [*Le rende il contratto.*
Poichè non sono amato,
Voglio morir soldato:
Non v'ha per me più pace,
Se m'ingannò il dottor.

[*Giving him the contract.*

Nem. It's coming—she'll declare herself.

Adi. Farewell.

Nem. How—are you going to leave me?

Adi. Heigho—yes.

Nem. Have you nothing else to say to me?

Adi. Nothing else.

Nem. Then take back this. [*Returning the contract.*
If I cannot be belov'd,
A soldier I will die:
All hopes of peace are gone,
If the doctor has deceiv'd me.

Adi. Ah! fu con te verace,
Se presti fede al cor.
No, che infelice appieno
Non mi volesti, o fato,
Se riacquistar mi è dato
Così costante amor.
Torna a brillarmi in seno,
Torna alla gioja il cor.
Nem. Oh! gioja inesprimibile!
Non m'ingannò il dottor.

[*Nemorino si getta ai piedi di Adina.*

SCENA ULTIMA.—BELCORE *con Soldati e detti; indi* DULCAMARA *con tutti il Villaggio.*

Bel. Alto!—fronte!—Che vedo? al mio rivale
L'armi presento!
Adi. Ella è così, Belcore,
E convien darsi pace ad ogni patto.
Egli è mio sposo: quel che è fatto.
Bel. È fatto.
Tientelo pur, bricorna.
Peggio per te. Pieno di donne è il mondo;
E mille ne otterrà Belcore.
Dul. Ve la darà questo elisire d'amore
Nem. Caro dottor, felice io son per voi.
Tutti. Per lui!
Dul. Per me—Sappiate
Che Nemorino è divenuto a un tratto
Il più ricco castaldo del villaggio.
Poichè morto è lo zio—
Adi } Morto lo zio!
Nem. }
Gia. }
Cho. } Lo lo sapeva.
Dul. Lo sapeva anch'io. Ma quel che non sapete,
Nè potreste saper, egli è che questo
Sovrumano elisir può in un momento,
Non solo rimediare al mal d'amore,
Ma arricchir gli spiantati.
Coro. Oh! il gran liquore!
Dul. Ei corregge ogni difetto,
Ogni vizio di natura.
Ei fornisce di belletto
La più brutta creatura:
Camminar si fa le soppe,
Schiaccia gobbe, appiana bozze,
Ogni incomodo tumore
Copre sì, che più non è—
Coro. Qua, dottore, a me dottore—
Un vasetto—due—tre.
Dul. Egli è un effetto seducente
Pei guardiani scrupolosi;
E un sonnifero eccellente
Per le vecchie e pei gelosi;
Dà coraggio alle figliuole
Che han paura a dormir sole;
Svegliarino è per l'amore
Più potente del caffè.
Coro. Qua, dottore—a me, Dottore—
Un vasetto—due—tre.

[*È giunta in scena la carrozza di Dulcamara. Egli i vende: tutti lo circondano.*

Dul. Prediletti dalle stelle,
Io vi lascio un gran tesoro:
Tutto è in lui; salute, o belle,
Allegria, fortuna ed oro.

Adi. Ah! my beating heart assures me
That he hath not o'er deceiv'd thee.
No! to be for ever sad
Cannot be the will of fate.
If the wrongs that I have done thee,
You can from your mind dismiss,
Then most happy shall I be,
And with fondest love will greet thee.
Nem. Oh, joy beyond expression!
The doctor, then, hath not deceived me!

[*He throws himself at the feet of Adina.*

SCENE THE LAST.—BELCORE *with Soldiers, and the same; afterwards* DULCAMARA *and the Villagers.*

Bel. Halt! right about!—What do I see? Must I present arms to my rival?
Adi. Exactly so, Belcore. You may as well submit placidly to your destiny. He is my husband: what is done—
Bel. Cannot be undone.
So much the worse for you, Madame Flirt: there are plenty of women in the world, and thousands will be glad to marry Belcore.
Dul. Ah: my elixir will give you the choice of them.
Nem. Dear doctor, through you am I made happy!
Cho. Through him!
Dul. Through me. Know that Nemorino has suddenly Become the richest man in the village—his uncle is dead!
Adi. } His
Nem. } My uncle dead!
Gia. }
Cho. } We knew it.
Dul. And I know it, too; but there is something that you do not yet know, and cannot know till I tell you; and that is, that my superhuman elixir is the only thing that can infallibly procure you the affection of the girl you love.
Cho. Oh, wonderful elixir!
Dul. Ay, wonderful you may well say! It corrects every imperfection, every natural defect of the person. It gives beauty to the most ugly creature—the hunchback it makes straight—the clumsy full of grace—the lame to run as swift as the wind; and the largest tumours and swellings vanish under its magic influence.
Cho. Doctor, let me have a bottle of it—give me one—two—three!
Dul. A most seductive effect it exercises over scrupulous guardians, producing profound sleep in the old, and allaying the suspicions of the jealous-minded. It inspires courage in such girls as are afraid to sleep alone; and to lovers it gives a watchfulness more potent than coffee.
Cho. Oh, doctor, let me have a bottle—give me one—two—three.

[*Dulcamara's carriage is brought on to the stage—he ascends it, the Characters surrounding and greeting him*

Dul. Favourites as you are of the stars, I endow you with everlasting health, in thus dispensing the elixir among you. In it you will find contained mirth, fortune, health, and wealth. May you all remain

Ringiovanite, rifiorite,
Impinguate ed arricchite:
Dell' amico Dulcamara
Ei vi faccia ricordar.

Chor. Viva il grande Dulcamara,
Dei dottori la fenice.
Nem. Io gli debbo la mia cara.
Adi. Per lui solo io son felice!
A. 2 Dal suo farmaco l'effetto
Non potrà giammai scord
Bel. Ciarlatano maledetto,
Che tu possa ribaltar!

[*Il servo di Dulcamara suon* —*La carrozza si move*—*Tutti scuotono i loro cappelli e lo salutano.*

Chor. Viva il grande Dulcamara,
La fenice dei dottori!
Con salute, con tesori
Possa presto a noi tornar!

young, and flourish. May you all grow fat and rich. Of your friend, the immortal Dulcamara, let the elixir ever remind you.

Chor. Hail to thee, great Dulcamara,
The very Phœnix of all doctors.
Nem. To him am I indebted for my dearest love.
Adi. He it is who has made me happy.
Adi. } The effects of this elixir
Nem. } By us can never be forgotten.
Bel. Away, you carved mountebank!
Marplot of my hopes, may you be upset!

[*Dulcamara's Servant blows the trumpet—the chariot moves on—All take off their hats, wave them, and salute him.*

Chor. Long live the great Dulcamara,
The very Phœnix of all doctors.
May he, with his health and treasures,
Another visit quickly pay us.



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A—G

Title	Text	Composer
Africaine, L'	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Aïda	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Armide	*F.*	*C. W. von Gluck*
Ballo in Maschera, Un (The Masked Ball)	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Barbe-Bleue (Blue Beard)	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
Barbiere di Siviglia, Il (Barber of Seville)	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
Bartered Bride	*G.*	*Frederich Smetana*
Belle Hélène, La	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
Bells of Corneville (Chimes of Normandy)		*Robert Planquette*
***Billee Taylor**		*Edward Solomon*
***Boccaccio**		*Franz von Suppé*
Bohemian Girl, The		*Michael Wm. Balfe*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
Carmen	*F.*	*Georges Bizet*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
Cavalleria Rusticana	*I.*	*Pietro Mascagni*
Chimes of Normandy (Bells of Corneville)		*Robert Planquette*
Cleopatra's Night		*Henry Hadley*
Contes d'Hoffmann, Les (Tales of Hoffmann)	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
Crispino e la Comare (The Cobbler and the Fairy)	*I.*	*Luigi and F. Ricci*
Crown Diamonds, The	*F.*	*D. F. E. Auber*
Dame Blanche, La		*F. A. Boieldieu*
Damnation of Faust, The	*F.*	*Hector Berlioz*
Dinorah	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
***Doctor of Alcantara, The**		*Julius Eichberg*
Don Giovanni	*I.*	*W. A. Mozart*
Don Pasquale	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
***Dorothy**		*Alfred Cellier*
Dumb Girl of Portici, The (Masaniello)	*I.*	*D. F. E. Auber*
Elisire d'amore, l'	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
***Erminie**	*I.*	*Edward Jakobowski*
Ernani	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Etoile du Nord, L' (The Star of the North)	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Fatinitza		*Franz von Suppé*
Faust	*F.*	*Charles Gounod*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
Favorita, La	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Fidelio	*G.*	*L. van Beethoven*
Figlia del Reggimento, La (Daughter of the Regiment)	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Fille de Madame Angot, La	*F.*	*Charles Lecocq*
Flauto Magico, Il (The Magic Flute)	*I.*	*W. A. Mozart*
do.	*G.*	*do.*
Fledermaus, Die (The Bat)	*G.*	*Johann Strauss*
Flying Dutchman, The		*Richard Wagner*
do.	*G.*	*do.*
Fra Diavolo	*I.*	*D. F. E. Auber*
Freischütz, Der	*G.*	*Carl Maria von Weber*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
***Gillette** (*La Belle Coquette*)		*Edmond Audran*
Gioconda, La	*I.*	*Amilcare Ponchielli*
Giroflé-Girofla	*F.*	*Charles Lecocq*
Götterdämmerung, Die	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*

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G—Z

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***Hamlet**		*Ambroise Thomas*
Jewess, The	*L.*	*Jacques F. Halévy*
Königin von Saba (Queen of Sheba)	*G.*	*Karl Goldmark*
Lakmé	*I.*	*Léo Delibes*
Lily of Killarney, The		*Sir Jules Benedict*
Linda di Chamounix	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Lohengrin	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
***Lovely Galatea, The**		*Franz von Suppé*
Lucia di Lammermoor	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Lucrezia Borgia	*I.*	*do.*
***Madame Favart**		*Jacques Offenbach*
Manon	*F.*	*Jules Massenet*
Maritana		*Wm. Vincent Wallace*
Marriage of Figaro	*I.*	*W. A. Mozart*
Martha	*I.*	*Friedrich von Flotow*
Masaniello (Dumb Girl of Portici)	*I.*	*D. F. E. Auber*
***Mascot, The**		*Edmond Audran*
Masked Ball	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Meistersinger, Die (The Mastersingers)	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Mefistofele	*I.*	*Arrigo Boito*
Merry Wives of Windsor, The		*Otto Nicolai*
Mignon	*I.*	*Ambroise Thomas*
Mikado, The		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
***Nanon**		*Richard Genée*
Norma	*I.*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
***Olivette**		*Edmond Audran*
Orpheus		*C. W. von Gluck*
Otello	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Pagliacci, I	*I.*	*R. Leoncavallo*
Parsifal	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Pinafore (H. M. S.)		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
Prophète, Le	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Puritani, I	*I.*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
Rheingold, Das (The Rhinegold)	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Rigoletto	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Robert le Diable	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Roméo et Julietta	*F.*	*Charles Gounod*
Romeo e Giulietta	*I.*	*do.*
Ruddigore		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
Samson et Dalila	*F.*	*Camille Saint-Saëns*
Semiramide	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
Siegfried	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Sonnambula, La	*I.*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
***Sorcerer, The**		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
***Spectre Knight, The**		*Alfred Cellier*
***Stradella**		*Friedrich von Flotow*
Tannhäuser	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Traviata, La	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Tristan und Isolde	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Trovatore, Il	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Ugonotti, Gli (The Huguenots)	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Verkaufte Braut, Die (The Bartered Bride)	*G.*	*Friedrich Smetana*
Walküre, Die	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
William Tell	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
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